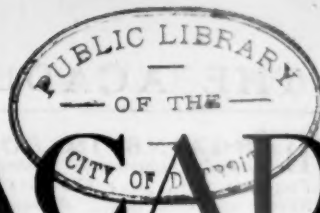


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Notes of the Week

THE School Boards of Scotland are endeavouring to induce the Scotch Education Office to alter its scheme of 1906, which provided that the subjects taught in primary schools should be strictly defined and limited, while special schools were set aside for children who after the age of fourteen might wish to take a course of study preparing them for the University. The grievance is that many children are too poor to pass from their villages to these centres, and that even when the parents can afford it they do not care to part with their children at such an early age. Certain bursaries allowed by the Department being of the value of £5, or at most £10, are not, it is contended, enough to pay for residence at one of the central schools. Further, scholars must pass four years at these superior schools, and go through the whole prescribed course of secondary education. More elasticity should be allowed in the regulations, primary schools being permitted to retain their pupils for a part of the course leading to the University; this relaxation would encourage the primary masters to keep up their knowledge, and would raise the dignity of their status. We understand that the question is being widely discussed in Scotland, where the dominie is much respected.

Subject to the correction of the musical critics, it seems to us that, when Dr. Strauss strives to express in melody and harmony things which in themselves have no relation whatever to music, he is wasting time and degrading, not advancing, his art. The achievement may bring forth some extremely clever scoring and orchestration, and may amuse the indiscriminating crowd; but wherein lies its pleasure or use? And what would the master-musicians of the past have said to such tricks? There are many admirers of Bach's fugues and Beethoven's symphonies who can enjoy again and again the light-hearted fantasies of, let us say, Sullivan; but to "set an omelette to music" seems to savour of the business of the musical clown, not of the serious composer.

We wonder what the housewives of fifty years ago would say about some of the recent advances of science into the realm of domesticity. "Washing by electricity, without the aid of soap," says the writer of an article in a contemporary this week, "is already an accomplished fact." After all, one imagines that soap and water must bring a more natural cleanliness. The approach of the Mechanical Age, when everything will be done by merely pressing buttons, seems to carry with it some little decrease in self-reliance and independence. Our restless anxiety to investigate the effect of new processes resembles to some extent the desire of "Toddie" to "see the wheels go round"; operations that used to take years are now completed in as many days—the maturing of wine, for instance: imagine the dignified protests of the good Dr. Middleton if he were asked to taste some of the Patterne port "matured" by electricity! We speed up our trains, milk cows and shear sheep by machinery; we even hustle the growth of plants by means which have nothing to do with enriching the soil or legitimate horticulture; and the result is not all to the good; something of romance, of beauty, is lost.

There is a suggestion in the air that the mere man is to be allowed a greater licence in the matter of his attire; that soon, in fact, he will be able to wear satin knee-breeches, waistcoats of gorgeous hue, and coats of a shape that we should now regard as fantastic. In the nature of things, this ought to be; for events, as we know, tend to move in cycles, and fashions conform to the rule—is not every new change in feminine dress looked upon as an extraordinary vagary until some enterprising journalist or someone with a long memory dubs it a revival from Victorian days? If tasselled canes, stocks, and fanciful costumes arrive once more—to say nothing of snuff as a fashionable commodity—the streets may wear a pleasantly relieved aspect, and the dandy may swagger along Piccadilly again. But he would not rejoice our eyes for long, we fear; we are too busy to tolerate him or to imitate him to-day.

A Man's Bargain

If I cry out for fellowship,
 A comrade's voice, a comrade's grip,
 A hand to hold me when I slip,
 An ear to heed my groan,
 Renew that hour's dark ecstasy,
 When all Thy waves went over me,
 And Thou and I, with none to see,
 Were joined in fight alone.

If I demand a sheltered space
 Set for me in the battle-place,
 Where I at times could turn my face,
 A screened and welcome guest,
 Decree my soul should henceforth cease
 From its wild hankering after peace,
 And rest in that which gives release
 From the desire of rest.

If I for final goal should ask,
 Some meaning for the long day's task,
 Some ripened field that yet may bask
 Secure from hurricane,
 Point to Thy locust-eaten sheaves,
 The burnt-out stars, the still-born leaves,
 And by the toil no hope retrieves
 Nerve me to toil again!

So to Thy hard propitious skies
 Shall praise go up like sacrifice,
 And all the will within me rise,
 Applauding, at Thy word;
 Thou, in the glory jasper-walled,
 By no reproach of mine be galled,
 And I, among my kind, be called
 The man whose prayers are heard.

G. M. HORT.

The Bore.

IT is a confession which we all have to make, sooner or later, that in this life many things come to us which seem at first sight wholly unnecessary and superfluous. Toothache, for example, is one: there appears to be no valid reason why we should suffer from what Hood punningly termed that "transcendental" pain; a pain which may drive a man nearly mad, yet which brings, should he crave sympathy, merely the annoying advice to "go and have it out." Many others might be mentioned were we in categorical mood; but one more will suffice for the present: the bore. What good is he, and why is he permitted to exist?

The psychology of the bore is an interesting study. "The most worthless creatures are most serviceable for examination," said Meredith, "when the microscope is applied to them, as a simple study of human mechanism." Examined, then, the bore is found to possess determination, perseverance, loquacity, smartness, even courage—all misused in the most pathetic manner. He is impervious to the broadest hints; the bullet from a toy pistol is as effective against the hide of a hippopotamus. It is impossible to disconcert him; he comes up smiling from a cold douche

of disapproval that would give any ordinary person the shivers for a month; and perhaps the worst of it all is that he is so dreadfully friendly, so convinced that we really must be pleased to see him. Obviously it is difficult to act the hedgehog to a man who calls you "old fellow" and slaps you jovially on the shoulder; equally difficult, of course, to turn your back upon him and go on with the work in hand, for with that sort of treatment the true bore is simply and unaffectedly charmed; he seems to regard it as a subtle compliment. He can talk to an immobile back view as brightly as ever; the scratch of the busy pen exhilarates him to further efforts; he is wound up, and, like a clockwork engine, he must buzz until, in the course of providence, he runs down.

Various expedients have been suggested for the suppression of the bore. Huge, muscular, pugilistic, pugnacious porters were retained, it is said, in the primitive days of certain American townships, to throw him violently downstairs or out of the window; unhappily, in our advanced state of civilisation, such methods are neither legal nor seemly. The poisoned cup is as out of date as the thumbscrew in the best circles of society; therefore, with murder in our hearts and a growled welcome on our lips, we allow the bore to chatter on.

Let us go a little deeper into his construction before we take leave of him. He generally has plenty of spare time; thus, remembering our existence, he "just pops in" to see us, and unfortunately we cannot just pop out. "Here," he says to himself, "dwells a friend of mine; verily I will go and shake his hand." If we are busy and have the temerity to say so, he prevails over the messenger by his plaintive promise "not to keep him a minute." He keeps us twenty minutes—half an hour, maybe, disorganising thought and upsetting temper. And when he departs we are so relieved that our farewell is unusually hearty, so that he feels sure that his visit has been the one bright spot in our day.

To avoid him altogether, as the only means of escape, is a counsel of perfection. It may be done, if he is seen coming along the street, by vanishing hurriedly into the nearest shop and making a purchase which may be unneeded—supposing the shop to be that of an oilman or a feather-dresser—but which will be cheap considering the happiness of watching the unconscious bore pass by. To greet him boldly and briefly, pleading an engagement, is of no use whatever; he is going the same way, by the pleasantest of coincidences, and will be overjoyed to come with you. How he manages to find the time to attend to his own business is a perpetual mystery; somehow, however, he does, and flourishes like the green bay tree. He is in the world for our chastening. The only thing to do when his advent is suspected is to lock the door and pretend to be out. Even then it is quite likely that he will be waiting on the doorstep with extended hand and beaming face, anxious to cheer us; and the climax, the most unkind cut of all, is that he cannot be bored himself.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Developments in Photography.—II

By HALDANE MACFALL.

TO come to the chief interest of the display—the colour work. The keenest minds in photography are bent on perfecting the colour-print; indeed, the day that the colour-print is perfected, we have the coloured illustrated paper upon us, and a fortune for him who creates it. It would be well, by the way, for the Society to call in the judgment of a few advanced painters to serve as their selecting jury for the colour-prints, as they do abroad—and even if the English painter should lack that wide interest in his brother craftsman, which is a constant source of surprise to foreign artists, there are men even in England of sufficient capacity to realise the honour done them by the invitation. Monochrome men may be very poor judges of colour, though exquisite judges of monochrome. The colour-pieces should have been hung together, to their own enhancement and the enhancement of the monochromes, which should also be arranged with more relation to their values than they are.

To take the narrower colour-faculty of the bichromate process first—by the way, the catalogue would be of even greater value than it is if works were classified by processes—the Viennese lady, Madame d'Ora, and Dr. Quedenfeldt would alone make this display a remarkable one. The mastery of Madame d'Ora in the bichromate process leaves a regret that even this fine worker seems unable to rid the method of the jaundiced yellow tone that mars all her strong craftsmanship with so hot a defect—this yellow is apparently the chief drawback to the process. D'Ora handles the difficulty, 'tis true, with consummate tact, making her prints from subjects which allow a warm tone; at the same time, her flesh tints, even in her masterpiece of "The Red Bodice"—I forget the name of it—are too hot, and it is only after careful survey of its masterly harmonies that one realises the astounding skill with which she has handled the defect of the process. All Madame d'Ora's work is excellent. Dr. Quedenfeldt, a remarkable craftsman who selects from the plate to the point of getting line, gets rid of the hot yellows of the process, but falls into "tintiness," his red or lilac harmonies running into the flesh tones just as does d'Ora's orange hue. Quedenfeldt's prints are exquisitely done, approaching colour woodcuts in effect, and tender in tones. Here we have the work of the foremost craftsmen in the medium, to which we should add, perhaps, the low-toned colour of Mr. Will's portrait of "Mrs. E."

It is to the bromoil process, however, that we must turn for the finest colour range of the display. Here, at once, we are rid of the severity and the "tintiness," as well as the narrow colour faculty of the bichromate process even in the hands of its masters. I am taking

it for granted somewhat that Mr. Baier's poetic snow-scene, "Einsamkeit," is bromoil; however, be it so or not, it is beautifully rendered.

The more personal utterance of the bromoil colour-print—a vastly important matter—is seen throughout the works here displayed. The sweet, tender, cool colours playing throughout the warm tones in Mr. Cocks's "Head of Arab" alone prove the far purer range of harmonies at the command of the oil printing. Having mastered colour—and he is increasing rapidly in its control—Mr. Cocks, inevitably proceeding to quality of handling, will prove himself as consummate a craftsman therein as he has already proved himself in his monochromes of Eastern subjects. He has the right stuff in him; and he is a born hunter, for he "takes a toss" as part of the necessities of the hunting. Mr. Tucker, who must always be given the honour of one of the pioneers of the movement, has made finer colour-prints than the one on the line, "A Grey Day on the Canche," which plays with the greys and greens of a French landscape by a stream, wherein he shows an ugly tendency in places to paint spots with the brush instead of making the gelatine bring up the colour from the brush in pure printing fashion, thereby giving passages of cheap, hard appearance to an otherwise good work—a blemish even more marked in his larger print. Mr. Tucker is too fine a craftsman to go a-stumbling now. I remember his houses along the river and other better things than these; nor do I judge him with the leniency due to a novice—he is a leader.

The enormously large faculty and power of the bromoil over the bichromate is best seen in the prints round about the "Arab Fantasia," where the rich, warm hues, the snowy whiteness of the white dome, and the sumptuous colours of the East do not prevent the interplay of tender lilacs and silvery greys—and, be it remembered, it is in the lilacs, silvers, and golden hues that light reveals its glamour. There are works here to be seen which are so remarkable in colour and in handling that they would make a mark in any display of water-colours or coloured etchings, wholly free from all that unpleasantness of "photography tintiness" that we associate with the wretched product known as the "coloured photograph." Action is caught on the wing, and the play of light recorded with skill. A tender landscape by Mr. Stuart, called "La Bocca," and an Arab by Mr. Mortimer, deserve attention. Altogether a memorable display. The hanging might have made it appear to greater advantage; exhibitions are an affair of compromise, but there are degrees even in compromise. But the show will take rank for its large and generous policy, for its freedom from clique and parochial intention, above all for its liberal attitude towards the advance of photography in colour-printing. It has drawn the eyes of the Continent, and it has thoroughly deserved its position.

REVIEWS

The Critic Scornful

English Literature, 1880-1905. By J. M. KENNEDY.
(Stephen Swift and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. KENNEDY'S title is a sort of joke, probably suggested by Mr. Max Beerbohm's "1880," for his book is really a set of essays on the "Yellow Book" authors, on Pater, Wilde, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Gissing, with a long note on classicism. He regards these authors as representing a "revived romantic movement" of these twenty-five years. He has no great opinion of any of them, and concludes with this advice to those who care to listen to it:—

The age of science may be dead; but we must look to it that if an age of faith is to begin such faith shall be aristocratic—Catholic, if you like—and not the narrow Puritanism and Nonconformity to which we have so long been accustomed. Only if this condition is fulfilled shall we witness anything resembling a renaissance in creative English literature. This is an essential principle; and the leaders of such modern literature as we have—if I may use an expression verging on the colloquial—must be educated up to it.

He begins their education. He does not like romanticism at all. Having read Nietzsche, he has become scornful of everything not classical, and by classical he means, and says that he means, "work modelled on the style of the best Greek and Latin authors." He does not include Plato, because he calls Plato and the Platonists the "Christians" of Greece, and he scorns Christians and Liberals as he does romantics. He is a bigot, and his bigotry is amusing. Thus to learn the difference between romantic and classical he asks us to compare Donne with Ovid, and George Herbert with Racine. He expects us to lament with him the pernicious influence of Plato and Ruskin on Pater, though we do not know, and he does not know, what Pater could have been without that influence, which was lifelong. He is not content with "what some critics refer to as the 'freshness' of Philippe de Commynes and Villehardouin," but longs for the touch of Thucydides and Tacitus. Evidently he has less love of variety than his creator.

But the classicist is not merely one who tries to write like a Greek or Roman not under the ban of Mr. Kennedy. He is not afraid to face reality; he says "Yea" to life; he controls himself. There is as little harm as good in this use of the word, but we doubt whether the word is more than a shibboleth adopted in imitation of Nietzsche and for purposes of abusing those whom the author dislikes. It is used in a special secret sense which it is not in the power of his prose to communicate. The word is dead, like the rest of his writing, the mere pedantry of a servile and arrogant Nietzschean. Mr. Kennedy degrades a number of good words so as to make them rough synonyms: classicist, aristocrat, artist, Catholic, on the one hand; romantic, liberal, democra-

tic, Puritan, on the other. In one place he seems inclined to add "Celtic" to the bunch, for he says:—

The Celt has all the sympathetic feelings for humanity which we usually find developed by the Roman Catholic Church, although he may not possess them in so great a degree as his French, Spanish, or Italian brethren of the faith.

Here this classicist may be seen doing as naive a conjuring trick as any romantic. He does not explain. Your classicist will not explain in addressing the herd; he will advocate his ideas "like a priest of the Church of Rome, who would merely have to give a word of command to an obedient flock," which is a "noble and aristocratic fashion." Mr. Kennedy calls Crackanthorpe's realism "inartistic," and applies the same epithet to Eugenics as a remedy for decay. The real artist in his view is one who

will have no early artistic struggles to endure, for, as the result of artistic tradition on both sides of his family, he will be born with all the requisite artistic instincts, which will then only require purely natural development.

He omits to mention on which side of the grave and of reality this state of things is expected and desired. He pities men "who endeavour to act as artists without having been born with this artistic tradition." In his jargon it is natural to contend that Dickens "never attempted to write a work of art in his life," and to say of the books of Mr. Wells that "we may, if we like, . . . describe them as the works of a self-made artist," and to label Darwin and Herbert Spencer as Puritans and "these people." He turns from Mr. Wells to Gissing with relief as to one who was "acquainted with art."

If a man cannot use language in such a way that each word helps every other and is necessary to every other, he must explain himself at some length. Mr. Kennedy cannot so use language, and therefore speaks in vain when, for example, he pronounces that "Mr. Wells's books show an ingenious use of the scientific faculty, but little artistic imagination." We can have only a vague notion of what is meant by these groups of words. We cannot expect Mr. Arthur Symonds to take it as a compliment that Mr. Kennedy says he can only compare his book on Blake to Lionel Johnson's "Art of Thomas Hardy." He cannot expect us to set any value on his random statement that Beardsley was of the "ruler-artist" type because he played fast and loose with Wilde in illustrating "Salome."

Mr. Kennedy seldom confesses to liking anything, but he admires Lionel Johnson and Mr. Max Beerbohm, and asks us to share his admiration for the use of "bleed" in this sentence by Mr. Beerbohm: "If anyone were so sanguine, a glance at the faces of our Conscript Fathers along the benches would soon bleed him." But this is merely a half-serious Paterism, and not English at all. He also admires Dowson's "Cynara," of which he says—surely not in classic style—that it is "as

immortal as Catullus in his happiest moments, and not to be compared with anything but a few of the finest efforts of the Latin poet." Nor is he more classic in sneering, as when he makes Mr. Shaw call himself a "feverish little clod of ailments and grievances"—which he never did—or when he writes:—

That Mr. Shaw, the ardent reformer, revolutionary Socialist, and would-be artist, should have had a short play produced on the boards of a music-hall is, to my mind, something distinctly ironical.

But Mr. Kennedy will have to do even more than digest his Nietzsche and swallow his conceit before he can write about literature.

Post-Prandial Essays

All Manner of Folk. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a book with an infallible appeal to all those who love what Shaftesbury so aptly described as "the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing." It is as difficult to define as it is impossible to resist the charm of these essays. They make no great parade of scholarship. They can hardly—any of them—be regarded as ultimate contributions to the subjects of which they treat. They are discursive—colloquial almost. They have all the qualities of good magazine writing. But they leave a pleasant flavour behind them. They entertain. And, after all, to entertain is—or should be—one of the chief functions of the essayist.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has always the air of being delightfully at home with his subject. He strikes you as being a specialist in everything, and of communicating as much information as he thinks will amuse you—no more. He stops short on the popular side of erudition. He passes lightly over a hundred subjects, lingers lovingly on others, agrees to dismiss some altogether. He has his preferences, of course. In every successful book of essays the personal equation must count for much. Mr. Jackson is frankly a man of his time. He is imbued with the modern spirit, has absorbed Nietzsche, and welcomes with a shout of triumph the advent of the Superman. He is always on the side of the new arrival. Hence such writers as John M. Synge and Max Beerbohm are secure of a generous meed of recognition. His admiration for Poe is not easily distinguishable from idolatry. At times, however, he dips his pen in acid rather than in ink. There is a sharp double-edge about such appreciation as the following. Mr. Jackson is writing of Thoreau and the Walden experiment:—

The experiment, in spite of its remoteness from comfortable habits, was not remote from the only sort of social life which appealed to the philosopher; it was performed before the only people who would then have understood his aim, the intellectual coterie of Concord; and the loneliness which was mitigated for him by reason of his knowledge that our planet

was in the Milky Way, was further mitigated by the fact of Thoreau's kinship with the members of the Concord coterie, who were his frequent visitors.

Equally penetrating is his appreciation of J. M. Synge, the Irish dramatist, who has not yet come into his own:—

Synge stands for a national, as distinct from a class, drama; a drama which interprets character rather than analyses it, which reveals rather than proves; a drama of humour rather than of wit, and a drama which above all things nourishes the imagination instead of sacrificing everything to the intellect.

Indeed, everything that Mr. Jackson has to say in this volume about the drama and its modern developments is well worth reading.

Mr. Jackson is, as a rule, so scrupulously accurate that one takes a malicious joy in finding him tripping. And trip he does—quite amusingly—on page 151, where he refers to the "devotional writer, Anthony Trahearne." He means, of course, Thomas Traherne. Anthony Treherne is, if we remember rightly, the name of a London publisher. A mere *lapsus memoriae*, however, cannot be counted to Mr. Jackson as a defect, and the book is so full of good things that we should be ready to pardon many such mistakes. "All Manner of Folk" is one of the most interesting books of the season, and the reader will return to it again and again.

Poets at Prayer

The Poet's Chantry. By KATHERINE BRÉGY. (Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this volume has deliberately narrowed her selection. All the poets dealt with here are religious poets, and their purely religious work, and that alone, is considered. Furthermore, they are all Roman Catholics. Much of the finest and most exalted spiritual poetry which our English literature has produced falls outside the purview of Miss Brégy. She can find no place for such singers as Herbert, or Quarles, or Traherne, or Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, or Keble, or Christina Rossetti, or Dora Greenwell. The consequence is that one gets a rather one-sided impression of religion in English poetry.

On the other hand, Miss Brégy will have rendered an important service if she helps the reader to realise the immense influence which Roman Catholicism has exerted over our English devotional verse. Southwell and Crashaw and Francis Thompson—these are names which shine like stars with an undimmed lustre in the splendid firmament of song. There is, indeed, one link that binds together most, if not perhaps all, of these singers to whom Miss Brégy introduces us. It is the link of sorrow. Of such poets as Southwell and Gerard Hopkins and Coventry Patmore it may be said, with the fullest realisation of the meaning of the phrase, that they

learnt in suffering what they taught in song. Mysterious are the ways of Providence! Southwell, who opens Miss Brégy's list, was a propagandist by profession, a poet by accident. Flung into a noisome gaol, his spirit returned upon itself, and he wrote that immortal lyric, "Burning-Babe," to claim which Ben Jonson would have willingly destroyed more than one of his own poems. The life of Gerard Hopkins was one long, slow martyrdom. Yet he poured out his soul in pæans of thankfulness, and, while toiling at an uncongenial task among the slums of Liverpool, he had a vision of the world charged with the grandeur of God. Scarcely Francis Thompson himself had a deeper realisation of the nearness of the Divine to the human than this man whose work is known only to the readers of a few casual anthologies. One cannot resist the temptation of quoting here that perfect poem, "Barn-floor and Winepress." There may be a few readers of THE ACADEMY to whom it is even yet unknown, and, as Miss Brégy justly says, "it ought to have the recognition due to a devotional classic":—

Thou who on Sin's wages starvest,
Behold, we have the Joy of Harvest;
For us was gathered the First-fruits,
For us was lifted from the roots,
Sheaved in cruel bands, bruised sore,
Scourged upon the threshing-floor;
Where the upper millstone roofed His Head,
At morn we found the Heavenly Bread;
And on a thousand altars laid,
Christ our Sacrifice is made.

Thou, whose dry plot for moisture gapes,
We shout with them that tread the grapes;
For us the Vine was fenced with thorn,
Five ways the precious branches torn.
Terrible fruit was on the tree
In the acre of Gethsemane:
For us by Calvary's distress
The wine was racked from the press;
Now, in our altar-vessels stored,
Lo, the sweet vintage of the Lord!

It is a standing reproach to English criticism that the author of these lines has hitherto received so small a meed of recognition, and it is little less than incredible that no collected edition of the poems of Hopkins has ever been published.

Francis Thompson needs no introduction to any reader of this journal, or to any lover of poetry. He has already taken his position as a classic, and we may confidently anticipate that the judgment of posterity will but confirm the verdict of his contemporaries. Since the days when the unknown sixteenth-century singer entranced our ears and satisfied our souls with such melody as—

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow,

no poet has succeeded in making a surer appeal to the deepest and divinest instincts in man.

Miss Brégy is a safe guide. The dainty, amorous fantasies of William Habington—a lesser Herrick—the pure, white ecstasy of Crashaw, the calm contemplativeness of Aubrey de Vere, the mysticism of Coventry Patmore, the music of Lionel Johnson and of Alice Meynell—all receive adequate recognition in these pages. There will be many readers who will gladly turn aside from the allurements of the world to kneel for a short space in this quiet chantry where the air is sweet with incense and the altar decked with flowers of a wondrous beauty and fragrance.

A Guilty Record

Cameos of Indian Crime. By H. HERVEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE crimes of a nation, or of a continent like India—which comprises many peoples but is not a nation—are not exactly pleasant reading, but they afford materials for an interesting book. The whole subject of crime in India has been fully exposed lately, in the Report of the Indian Police Commission of 1902-3, in Sir Edmund Cox's book on the Indian Police, in "Oriental Crime," and now in the present work, which gives instances of the crimes most prevalent, with such references to the police and their methods of detection as are necessary. It is worth while, even for people who lead the most immaculate lives, to know something of the crime and criminal classes among which they live. Such knowledge should put them on their guard and afford them protection in many of the common transactions of life.

The reader must beware of forming an impression that the whole population of India is criminal. When a writer sets himself to ransack the criminal records of 315 millions over thirty-five years of his residence there he can have no difficulty in collecting a number of startling cases, to exemplify every form of crime and rascality; but Mr. Hervey rightly points out that, while it has been his business to deal with the seamy side of the Indian native's character, he could also have testified to many noble qualities. He knows the Indian peoples, having spent his life among them, and it is sad to read his final conclusion: "The one insurmountable rock on which they split is a universal disregard for truth, a failing to which the very best of them are prone." Until their tendency to untruthfulness can be cured by themselves, through a general elevation of the moral tone, their religions, education, and political advancement will never produce satisfactory results.

There is nothing that strikes the European in India so forcibly as the inaccuracy of Indian thought and expression; Oriental hyperbole has become notorious. Mr. Hervey says bluntly, "One individual out of a thousand has not any conception of or respect for the truth," meaning, of course, that not one in a thousand has any such conception. But, after all, mendacity is not crime in the same sense as murder, house-robbery, theft, or other offences known to the Penal Code are. Nor do such

headings as Beggars and Beggar-faking, Impostors, Disloyalty, Superstition, Anonymous Letters, to which the author devotes separate chapters, connote, as they stand, what are usually regarded as crimes. They would come rather under a general classification of immoralities than of crime or criminal offences. Mr. Hervey might easily have distinguished logically the acts which the Penal Law has scheduled as crimes from conduct and actions which civil society reprobates without attaching to them the punishment authorised by that law.

He has not devoted, by name or designation, a chapter to Cheating, or attempts to cheat, a very common class of offence in India, though sundry of the malpractices which he describes might be regarded as falling under that category. Mr. Hervey is neither a logical writer nor a scholar. He only quotes old Latin tags, but he generally gives them wrong, such as Terence's saying on the tenth page, the words "Flagranti delicto" thrice repeated, and the old catch, "Tempora mutantur et nos," etc., etc. The merit of the book is that the author writes, in a light and easy style, of cases of Indian crime which have come within his own cognisance, or for the authenticity of which he can vouch. He has thus recorded many circumstances in which the native character has appeared in, to say the least, an unfavourable light, and there is nothing so important to the administrator or to the public as to be prepared for the recurrence of possible developments of a similar kind. Religious persons will be shocked to read, what Mr. Hervey truly says, that "in India, religion—or, rather, the pretence thereof—especially if of a fanatical character, is generally the guise under which disaffected natives manifest their disloyalty towards the British Government, and their hatred for the white Christian from the West."

Jewellery of All Ages

Chats on Old Jewellery and Trinkets. By MACIVER PERCIVAL. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

COLLECTORS of old jewellery—and there are many other collections which are far more difficult to justify—will find in the present volume one which should serve them in good stead in equipping themselves for the pursuit of their own particular hobby. Of course, no expert can obtain his lore from book-learning alone; he must always depend on practical experience, but experience alone is insufficient to form the perfect expert. There is other knowledge which should be ancillary to practical experience, whose function it is to supply the polish to it. For this purpose, and as an introduction to the study of old jewellery, no volume could be more useful than that of Mr. Percival.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's series of "Chats" is by now too familiar to require any special introduction or explanation, or even eulogy. Their position in the favour of collectors is assured. The predecessors in the series, taken together, serve as a standard by which additions to it may be judged. Applying this standard to

the present volume, one must decide that this, the latest of them, is full worthy to take its place among its predecessors.

Now to the book in itself. The scheme adopted by Mr. Percival has been first to give a general historical sketch of the development of the art of jewellery-making, as illustrated by the specimens which have survived from the earliest times, those of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, and Rome, until last century. Then come chapters devoted to provincial or peasant jewellery, and Oriental (Indian, Burmese, Chinese, and Japanese) jewellery. After these follow chapters which deal specially with brooches, rings, shoe-buckles, painters and goldsmiths, precious stones, cameos and intaglios, paste and other substitutes for diamonds, and pinchbeck or imitation jewellery. The last chapter consists of a brief bibliography of the subjects treated in the volume. There is, moreover, a compendious glossary, a very necessary adjunct to a volume of this description, and, above all, the text is plentifully embellished with photographs of many of the objects described, a feature which of itself renders Mr. Percival's work an object of desire. Among such a multitude of beautiful things it is difficult to express decided preferences, but from the point of view of beauty, if on no other ground, the palm should be awarded to some of the photographs of the jewellery of the Renaissance.

Jewellery in the modern economy, apart from items of utility, such as brooches, pins, etc., or others with sentimental connections, such as finger-rings, serves but one purpose—that of beautifying or decoration. In earlier days its use was more extensive. Among the ancients objects of jewellery were worn as amulets to bring good fortune or to ward off ill. Others signified the rank of the wearer, or had some religious connection. All, however, whatever their original meaning, tended to become decorative also, and gradually degenerated into mere ornaments. In the motive for wearing jewellery the most highly civilised is, after all, not very different from the savage. Both *au fond* strive to attract attention, the former by means of precious stones and priceless jewels, the latter by glittering or jingling objects. To the naked savage, his or her ornament of tinkling metal is as precious as the tiara of a duchess is to its wearer. Human nature, it seems, undergoes practically no appreciable change, even in the course of ages. The truth of this lesson is emphasised on almost every one of the earlier pages of this book. Another lesson is that, despite all the boasted progress of the present age, in the art of jewellery-making practically no advance has been made on the ancients. The only progress has been the recovery of the ground lost early in the present era. Among the objects found in ancient Egyptian tombs are articles which, in workmanship, not only could not be surpassed at the present day, but have rarely been equalled, even in the periods when goldsmiths' work was the craft in which the leading artistic minds found expression. "The ancient Egyptians carried the art of inlaying pieces of glass and stone into cells of gold to the utmost pitch

of perfection, fitting the fragments of materials exactly to the contours of their appointed places with the utmost skill . . . nowadays none but the cleverest workman could hope to equal the workmanship of these pieces." Delicate filagree work has never reached the same degree of perfection of craftsmanship and design as that attained by the Greeks. The works of that race and of the Etruscans, which very rarely come into the market, not only possess extreme antiquarian interest, but are also perfect examples of exquisite craftsmanship.

Indian Aborigines

The Mundas and Their Country. By SARAT CHANDRA ROY, M.A., B.L. With an Introduction by E. A. GAIT, I.C.S. Illustrated. (The City Book Society, Calcutta. 9s. 6d.)

THE publication of this book will serve two useful purposes: it will enable the civil administrator to know better the people whom he has to govern, and it will add to the stock of folk-lore, which is a favourite study of many scientific people. It is satisfactory to note that it is the work of a practising Indian lawyer resident among the Mundas, and it is creditable to him to have produced such a book while following his arduous profession. The notes, as well as the text, display erudition and wide reading. The Introduction by Mr. Gait, the present census officer of all India, himself the author of a "History of Assam," bears testimony to the writer's acquaintance with his subject.

The Mundas are the most numerous of the so-called aboriginal Kolarian tribes—though the propriety of the name Kolarian is disputed—inhabiting the uplands of the Chota Nagpur Division of the new Province of Bihar and Orissa. They number, roughly speaking, half a million souls, of whom about three-fifths are in the Ranchi district. They are regarded as aborigines, because no previous occupants of the tracts they inhabit are known; but the author records at length the traditions—and much early Indian history has no firmer basis than tradition—which tell of the Mundas having migrated from North-Western India, retreating before the Aryan invaders. The route of the Mundas from their ancient home to their present location has been suggested, but it depends chiefly upon conjecture. Munda means, in Sanskrit, the head of a village; it became the name of the tribe. In physical type there is much similarity between the Mundari race and other speakers of Dravidian languages, so that Mundas and other Dravidians may be considered to be racially connected, but the Dravidian have no connection with the Munda languages. Colonel E. T. Dalton, in his "Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal," classified Mundas as Kolarians, not Dravidians. Dr. A. C. Haddon considers they may belong to the primitive Indo-nesian races.

The Munda characteristics are a broad nose, a long head, plentiful and sometimes curly, but not woolly hair, a black or nearly black skin, and short stature. The people present an interesting subject for the ethno-

graphist, to whom the book will be a valuable contribution on their social life, customs, ceremonies, songs, beliefs, and organisation. Their authentic history begins with the British acquisition of Chota Nagpur as part of Bihar in 1765. Their country has been at times the scene of disturbances directed against alien landlords, who oppressed the aborigines by depriving them of their rights, real and alleged. So late as 1895, Birsa, a partly-educated Munda, proclaimed a new religion, and himself as Bhagwan, or the Deity. Rendering himself amenable to the law, he was imprisoned. In 1900 his second outbreak assumed a political character, in which murders were committed. Troops and police were called out to quell the revolt. Birsa died in jail, while awaiting trial; his followers were appropriately punished.

The success of the various Christian missions at Ranchi, especially the Roman Catholic Mission, is remarkable. It has made nearly 100,000 converts in the Ranchi district alone, among whom Mundas exceed 30,000. The Mission employs over 50 European priests, over 500 aboriginal catechists, and more than 200 schoolmasters; they have 15 solid brick-built churches and over 400 chapels. There is still plenty of scope for their energies, for the Munda continues to take oaths on the cow's tail, on copper and certain leaves—practices borrowed from the Hindus. Swearing on the tiger's skin, he will say: "May tigers devour me if I am guilty." In other respects, their education, though rapidly advancing, is far from complete. Though Mr. Roy's book may not find many readers in England, it will bring him honour in India, where it will be properly appreciated.

Shorter Reviews

The Mystery of Francis Bacon. By WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY. (Robert Banks and Son. 5s. net.)

MR. SMEDLEY has spared neither research nor ingenuity in the preparation of this comparatively slender volume. An ardent Baconian, fully convinced that the great Elizabethan philosopher sunk his own individuality, or rather presented it under the name of Shakespeare, the author seeks for the logical cause of this change of nomenclature. According to Mr. Smedley, Bacon's concealment of his own name and his adoption of that of Shakespeare formed part of a set and deeply-considered plan. The author lays stress on Bacon's conception of the Divine Being, which is made obvious in the preface to the "Advancement of learning" and elsewhere:—"For of the knowledges which contemplate the works of Nature, the holy Philosopher hath said expressly; *that the glory of God is to conceal a thing, but the glory of the king is to find it out*; as if the Divine Nature, according to the innocent and sweet play of children, which hide themselves to the end they may be found;

took delight to hide his works, to the end they might be found out; and of his indulgence and goodness to mankind, had chosen the soul of man to be his play-fellow in this game."

Here, says the author, we have the key to the mystery in which Francis Bacon enveloped his work. In divine playfulness he hid its source, being convinced that in the end his own personality, glowing through the text, would become revealed to the world at large. The arguments produced to this end are certainly ingenious, and the evidence of deep study is apparent throughout the book.

There is no space to follow Mr. Smedley's further arguments here, since he has gleaned much, and has brought a wealth of amazingly interesting grist to his historical mill. If we cannot share his conviction in all respects, more especially with regard to the alleged cryptographical fragment which occurs in an annotation, there are doubtless very many readers who will follow him with enthusiasm throughout. In any case the interest of this work is great, and its value should not be underrated.

Creative Revelation: Four Lectures on the Miraculous Christ. By J. G. SIMPSON, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.)

WE strongly commend these excellent lectures on the Miraculous Christ. Their subject is the problem of miracles, and the Virgin-Birth and Resurrection of Christ. Dr. Simpson admirably criticises the curious and unsatisfactory position of those who combine an attachment to Christianity with disbelief in miracles, and shows how destructive of real spiritual faith is the so-called "Modernity" of to-day. At the same time his work is constructive in itself, and not merely negative criticism. For he ably presents a mode of belief most valuable for thinking minds likely to be influenced by the dogmatic assumptions of "modern criticism."

For example, the Resurrection may appear to one man as an interruption of the laws of nature wrought by the mere will of the all-powerful God. Another may regard it as an example of higher law. Another may be convinced that some day the Resurrection will be explained by science: while yet another may view it as arising from the control of natural forces by spiritual personality. For just as the attempt to define miracles is futile, so also is any attempt to explain the Resurrection, but the "main point on which we must insist is that for Christians the Resurrection is the triumph that leads death captive, just as the faith which receives it is the victory that overcomes the world." Again, "the ground upon which the Resurrection is believed lies deeper than mere documents." Hence the fallacy of such a book as "When it was Dark." Nor could we expect the existence of any documents which "would satisfy the requirements of a modern scientific society." It must not be forgotten that there will always be those "who see only a partial universe, because they can make no venture of faith."

The essay on the Virgin-Birth is very good, especially in its contention that there is no real analogy between the belief in our Lord's Virgin-Birth and the legends of pagan mythology. The only fault we find with this little book is that it is all too short, and we hope that some day it may be expanded further. Dr. Simpson writes with strong conviction allied to a deep and broad sympathy with honest doubts and fears. His book is one for clergy and laity alike, and should find its way into the hands of all who are perplexed by the spirit of modern criticism; and we especially recommend it to the younger clergy and students at theological colleges. It can hardly fail to give some real help to those who read it with understanding, as an antidote to some aspects of "modernity."

A History of Preston in Amounderness. By H. W. CLEMESHA, M.A. With Maps. (Sherratt and Hughes. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS interesting book is a useful addition to the increasing volume of the local history of English towns, on which so much light is being thrown by the publication of the Calendar of Patent Rolls, and other State Papers. Mr. Clemesha has also drawn his information from the Lancashire Pipe Rolls and Chartulary, the records of the Court Leat and other original sources. There are valuable chapters on the Gild Merchant, and on Government and Town Life in the Middle Ages. But though the writer's aim is to treat of the "conditions of life in mediæval Preston," more than two-thirds of a lengthy book are concerned with its history subsequent to the year 1500, while quite half is comparatively modern. With the exception of incidental references, there is nothing continuous told of the Ecclesiastical History before the Reformation, a rather serious omission.

At the same time, the growth and development of the agricultural community into a trading town, and the transition from manor to borough, are carefully traced. Preston, the "tun" or township of priests (Skeat) is first mentioned in Domesday Book, but the Hundred of Amounderness, or Agemundreness occurs in earlier history. The name is Danish and is equivalent to "the promontory of Agmundr." Roger of Poitou, son of Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury, was lord of Preston (temp. Wm. I), and granted the customs of Breteuil to Preston, which were later embodied in the Preston Custumal, probably 14th century. This Custumal, of which a most interesting transcript is given, still exists in the original MS. in the municipal archives. It defines the rights of the burgesses, privileges, tolls, taxes, laws of debt, of buying and selling, etc. It is amusing to notice that if any man slander or libel a married woman, "he shall pay three shillings, take himself by the nose, and say that he has lied, and there shall be concord."

The story of Preston during the fifteenth century is meagre, but Mr. Clemesha laments lack of records. The Stuart period is fuller; and from the middle of the seventeenth century to the present day there is abun-

dance of material, of which the author has made ample yet discriminating use.

Local histories of this kind are valuable for reference to students of historical law and of the development of municipal life in England.

Love's Victories. By M. M. LEE. (The Happy Publishing Co. 1s. net.)

IN an accompanying letter we are told that "Love's Victories" is the first book issued by the Happy Publishing Company, and that it is "written, printed, and published by women." It must not by this be understood that it is a book dealing in the slightest degree with suffragettes, militant or otherwise. It consists rather of a series of short stories from the pen of Mrs. M. M. Lee. In a brief preface the author tells us that she asked her great friend Betsey to write an introduction, but that she refused, as she could not "string a dozen words together." However, the whole of the preface is taken up with a conversation between Mrs. Lee and Betsey, from which we are able to gather that Betsey has a very good opinion of her friend's efforts. And with that opinion we entirely agree. The stories are slight in form, but each one possesses a charm and merit of its own. Poverty and love form the theme of most of them, and, although pathos has a large share in their composition, the sentiment is never sickly, nor has it the appearance of being put on with a very large instrument. It is not easy to choose one as being the best in the book, but the appeal of the poor neglected little waif, who had lost her mother, to the rich woman as she weeps over her child's grave is very human in its touch. "I know who's down there," says the little ragged one with the elfin face. "It's the boy what had petticoats like a girl! Say, now, when he went away, did he take all his things, every one of 'em, the very oldest an' all?" While Mrs. Lee writes as she does in "Love's Victories" we shall be glad to see more of her work.

Fiction

Marriage. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

WE believe that in this book Mr. Wells has come nearer than he has yet done to writing a great novel. He has long ago justified a claim to stand among the foremost story-writers of our time: his gifts of imagination are unquestioned—though he shares them with Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine: he has usually a story to tell, but so have many others. He is susceptible beyond the average to ideas floating in the air, but one fatal defect marks all his work—he has not cared to learn the art of writing. No one would ever imagine from reading his books that English prose, properly written, is among the most musical of any in the world, or dream of giving

him a place in the long chain of great writers in whose books immortal thought is linked indissolubly with sweeping rhythm and mighty-sounding music. Page after page of harshly-constructed sentences fatigue the ear with persistent creakings which, unlike that funeral car of the Mikado, of which we have just read, never attain even to the dignity of a rhythm of their own. Did ever any writer of Mr. Wells's experience allow such an ungainly sentence as this—which we take leave to divide into bars for ease in reading—stand at the beginning of a book: "An extrêmement pretty girl | occupied a second-class compártment | in one of those trains | which pércolate | through the rural tranquillities | of middle England | from Gánford in Oxfordshire | to Rúmbold Júncion in Ként."

We can well believe, after meeting with this sentence, that Mr. Wells does not hold that reading aloud is any test of the value of prose. The first bar, with its sequence of gradually-shortening words, is a full close; the ear expects a period at "girl"—Mr. Wells uses it as an introduction. The short, clipped words of the third bar strike the ear, by this time attuned to some sort of polysyllabic effect, most disagreeably; "through the rural" is plainly impossible to any but the most slovenly and careless of pens; and "from Ganford in Oxfordshire" is more perverse still, since the author has quite needlessly invented the name of Ganford. It is not, we hope, unfair to select this opening sentence of the book as a specimen of the style; but hardly a page occurs without similar faults of composition. And, forced as we are to deny him any claim to higher powers of writing English than a moderately-successful transcript of the language of ordinary conversation, we are still more forced to deny him that "poetic gift, the gift of the creative and illuminating phrase which alone justifies writing," according to Mr. Wells himself. It is true that he has the gift of summing up the opinions current in certain circles in a neat and effective phrase or epithet—this book has many examples of his powers—but this power is not creative: there is no touch of the maker, the poet, about it. It is one of the great advantages of an incursion into sentimental Socialism for a literary man that he learns to see familiar institutions from a fresh angle, and no one, least of all such a man as Mr. Wells, could come into close association with Mr. Shaw, either as a friend or as an opponent, without catching some of his disconcerting clearness of vision. Fortunately, we do not read Mr. Wells either for his style or his views, but for the tale he has to tell and for the part of himself he puts into what he writes; we can afford to wait for the better while enjoying the good. For the fact remains that we do read Mr. Wells, and will continue to do so even if he never learns—which the gods forbid—to respect the instrument he wields so clumsily.

The story before us reaches, we believe, the high-water mark of his achievement. It is superior to "Tonobungay" in subject and treatment; it is altogether free from the malodorous salacity of "Ann Veronica," and from the hardly-disguised personalities of "The New Machiavelli." We shall not this time be bored by quid-

nuncs anxious to tell us who it was that kissed Mrs. Blank's servant on the stairs, or how Mr. X behaved very well in shielding Mr. Y. Mr. Wells gives us the story of the married life of two educated people; of an exceptional man in whom the pursuit of knowledge is an unconscious religion, and of a woman able to form some conception of his aims, but far below his spiritual and mental level. He sacrifices his true career to the claims of wife and society, attains success, and finds it a Dead Sea apple in his mouth. The whole institution of modern marriage from top to bottom is discussed in this tale without a single unpleasant reference to the problems of sex. Marjorie is the woman of to-day—she has "come out of being a slave, yet isn't an equal." She is in many respects charming—Rosamond Vincey with a difference—though we fancy she would be less highly estimated by a jury of matrons than by the author. Trafford's mother is an amazingly fine woman, and Mr. Pope—Marjorie's father—is an excellent character-sketch of the domestic tyrant not yet extinct among the leisured class.

Mr. Wells proposes no solution for the problems that arise in the course of the story, and indeed no solution of them is or has ever been possible. He pleads for an interval of quiet thought on many problems of fundamental importance, which are too much pushed into the background to-day, as well as on others thrust before us for an immediate answer. Change is in the air; change in the relations between men and women, parents and children, master and servant; and unless the men who are to direct its stages are animated by full knowledge of what is needed and a spirit of religion in its highest sense, nothing but anarchy can result. It is a serious thesis for a novel, but treated as Mr. Wells has done it, in a quiet, thoughtful, experimental mood, it raises the whole story to a nobler plane. Let us hope that his next book will have all its good qualities, and, in addition, that charm of expression and style which is needed to give the author the place among writers we all wish to see him occupy.

Devoted Sparkes. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MR. PETT RIDGE'S titles are often rather cryptic; no one would suspect, for instance, that "Sparkes" was a pleasant servant-girl whose Christian name was Hetty. Her mistress, "Miss G.," to whom she is devoted, appears vaguely here and there in the course of the story; more prominent are the friends and fellow-servants of Hetty. From their quarrels, their sarcasms, their courtships, and their villainies plenty of good entertainment is to be gained by the reader who knows his author's peculiar ways. We look for one unvaried style of writing from Mr. Pett Ridge, and although to read two or three books of his consecutively would prove perhaps too much of a good thing, once in a while, as a thorough change, they are very welcome. In the portrayal of characters in a different class of life he is less successful; a page or two in the present volume,

describing a society gathering, illustrates the danger of transferring the conversational lapses of the eastern suburbs to the lips of the aristocracy. On the whole, however, "Devoted Sparkes" keeps us pleasantly amused, and at times becomes almost exciting.

The Permanent Uncle. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

YIELDING to the temptation to adopt Mr. Goldring's phraseology, we confess that his book intrigues us to no small degree, though at times the slovenly proof-correcting is more than a little irritating. The permanent uncle, as Joanna remarks on the penultimate page, never did anything to speak of—he just *was*, and, in spite of his inactivity, we are made to realise his value, and to take leave of him with regret. Joanna herself is an admirable study, and Mr. Goldring has a way of chronicling odd and wonderful moments in human lives—little things so arresting that we know they must have happened—a way which gives reality to his story and make us feel that these people lived.

It would not be fair, although the plot is not nearly all the book, to give that plot away. It is to some extent a good comedy of errors, and of such a depth and character that we want all things to come right at the end, and are not disappointed. The necessary touch of pathos is supplied by Norma Murgatroyd, and, further back, there is a clever chapter or so describing how Joanna leaves her childhood and puts her hair up. We confess to very slight sympathy with Mary, the suspicious wife whose lack of confidence in Tim causes all the trouble. Still, we owe her a debt of gratitude, for, had there been no Mary, there had been no "permanent uncle" for us to read of and, in these days of many bad novels, one witty, clever book like this is unquestionably a matter for gratitude on the part of its readers.

Blinds Down. By H. A. VACHELL. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

FROM simple, everyday people, and their commonplace surroundings, Mr. Vachell has evolved a notable story, and driven home a great moral lesson with the force that comes of implication rather than of expression. Rosetta's life is wrecked by her two half-sisters, kindly, prim souls who are worshipped by Charminster, treated delicately and gently, and assisted in keeping their "blinds down" to the disagreeable things of life. When Rosetta, having married Lord Brough, runs off with the man she had loved from boyhood, her little daughter Rose is kept at home with the sisters for training and upbringing in the dower-house. Here one side of the house looks out on the slums of Charminster, and the blinds are kept down for Rose, to shut out the sight of the slums, as they had been for Rosetta. As the moral blinds of life are kept down for the girl, she comes very near following in the way her mother went; how this

is averted is told by Mr. Vachell with great delicacy and skill, yet at the same time with convincing force.

The book suffers a little from the transference of interest from mother to daughter, but when the half-way mark is passed Rose becomes just as engrossing a character as Rosetta. The prim, platitudinous sisters who spoilt Rosetta's life are excellently drawn; the life of Charminster and its people is rendered with fine restraint, and we get an intimate personal knowledge of every character introduced. "Blinds Down" is fine, arresting work, a book to read and remember.

A Daughter of Fate. By EDGAR LEIGH. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

CONRAD'S "Western Eyes" gave us a more than usually realistic presentment of the Russian temperament, and here, though in a less measure, we are faced with a similar study. The story is much shorter, but the result is achieved as Conrad achieved his, by a multiplicity of implications, a maze of things half-seen, out of which the Russian character, so different from that of Western Europe, is clearly realised.

The book, though short, is not easy to read. Even in dealing with the English Embassy in Japan, the author views things from a Russian standpoint and gives us half scenes, leaving us to guess their meaning. In Russia itself, and in dealing with Olga, his heroine, he manages to convey the constant plotting and intrigue which make up the life of half Russia with admirable clearness, and without a suspicion of melodrama or unreality. We are impressed by three warily-moving conspirators; we sympathise with Olga, who is an interesting and skilfully-drawn character; the actors in the plot are real people, swayed by real emotions and actuated by real impulses. The tragedy in which the book ends is lightened by a suggestion of what may happen beyond the last printed page, and the story itself is presented to the reader with sufficient force for him to wish that the hopes of Olga and Alexis may be realised. It is a work of originality, though the subject is familiar; it is also a work of much promise.

The Cup and the Lip. By STEPHEN KNOTT. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

THE girl is, of course, the cup, and—equally of course—the man is the lip. Julia, as the other girl, provokes the slips which are bound to occur, but the lip and cup, personified in Martin Conory and Beryl, his cousin, come together in satisfactory fashion at the end of the story. The author has treated a rather commonplace phase of psychological development in a very adequate way. We realise Martin Conory and Julia, the daughter of the narrow-minded, obtuse country parson, as two live, recognisable personalities, skilfully and sympathetically drawn. We are deeply interested in the curious—yet not uncommon—form of attraction which actuates them both, a species of physical passion in which their higher attributes are lost for the time. Were

they to marry, we feel that they would lower rather than raise each other, and yet matters are brought to such a pass that we see no way out of the marriage. The author might easily have made of this a very ugly story, but it is good, clean craftsmanship throughout, so far as the principals are concerned, though there are amateurish touches about some of the minor characters which render them a trifle unconvincing.

We quarrel, heatedly, with Mr. Knott for solving his problem in the way he does—namely, by killing Julia at exactly the right moment for the convenience of Martin and Beryl. Up to that point, the story, as a whole, is lifelike enough, but from thence—near the end, luckily—it fails. The Fates are not so kind to misguided mortals as Mr. Knott would have us believe, and by abandoning probability for bare possibility he has detracted seriously from the final effect.

The Theatre

"Everywoman" at Drury Lane Theatre

IN the vocabulary of Mr. Arthur Collins there is no such word as failure. Ever since the far-off days of Sir Augustus Harris I never remember an autumn play that was not spoken of as a tremendous success. But I fancy that "Everywoman, Her Pilgrimage in Quest of Love," must have tried the tradition considerably. For it suggests that the producer must effect the latest scientific miracle and make life from nothing. The late Mr. Walter Browne, no doubt, had some very definite plan in view, some morality play which should be as modern and topical as were the fifteenth century moral works in their own day. But by reason of an unfortunate circumstance or two the idea does not get over the footlights, the altruistic undertaking falls to pieces, and lies dead and flat upon the stage. In the crude and unbeautiful writing of the piece we look in vain for the signs of revision by Mr. Stephen Phillips—perhaps it is there, hidden with consummate art. Surely the lines in the book, which one buys in the theatre, are not edited by the musical and profound singer discovered by Mr. Le Gallienne somewhere in the far-off nineties of the last century. However that may be, Mr. Collins has done his best with the "book" before him. Miss Alexandra Carlisle as "Everywoman" sustains her allegorical rôle with constant industry, and is convincing and beautiful in the most worldly part of her career. At the beginning of the "Quest," when she is still the close and idle companion of "Beauty," Miss Gladys Cooper, of "Youth," Miss Patricia Collinge, of "Modesty," Miss Jessie Winter, and the victim of "Flattery," Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Carlisle is rather too intentional, a trifle artificial. But when the lines of the play permit her to be human, she makes the most of her chances. Her companions are quite charming

in a vague, light manner, each representing her type with perfect grace, and speaking her halting lines with as much intelligence and meaning as the elusive nature of her stage character will permit. One cannot help feeling, however, that Miss Cooper will be glad to get back, a little later in the evening, to her extremely modern and concrete part in "Milestones."

As "Nobody," Mr. H. B. Irving does much to rob the play of its painfully amorphous tendency, and to endow his difficult part with dignity and a definite note of distinction. The lines he speaks sound fifty times better than they read. The whole "Morality" owes him no small debt, although, after the first dozen times the word "Nobody" has been used, one begins to grow a little impatient of the humour. He begs us—

Remember! Everywoman in her Youth
Early was tempted and beguiled from Truth,
And Nobody will know the bitter ruth.
If then this play offend or please, I dare
Make you this promise, Nobody will care.

Notwithstanding Mr. Irving's skill, I fancy very few will be greatly pleased or vastly offended—some may be bored by "Everywoman's" quest for "King Love the First"—that is the worst that can happen. The archetype of womanhood as a star of the stage, and "Stuff," Mr. Denny, "Bluff," Mr. Wenman, theatrical managers, and "Puff," Mr. Tresahar, a Press agent, are by way of entertaining us, so that this part of the play may prove rather more than boring, but the act passes, and there is not much that is new or harmful in it, only a crudity that seems a little unworthy.

One should note that Miss Kate Rorke gives a sincere air to "Truth," that Miss Wilda Bennett sings engagingly as "Conscience," that the "Self" of Miss Vera Beringer is full of character, and the "Vice" and "Vanity" of Miss Beck and Miss Fabian respectively are fair to look upon. Notwithstanding many happy touches, some good stage setting and a general heart-felt effort to make the best of it, the "Morality" is not a work of art that will live. It is rather an essay in a difficult form of stage representation which interests only in a mild degree. It does not require a very accomplished musician to realise that Mr. George W. Chadwick's music is only of a medium class of work, or that, generally speaking, much has been attempted and little accomplished. Yet on the first night the mighty theatre at Drury Lane rang with applause. A queer commentary on the taste of the public—or its generosity. Perhaps, however, we are not catholic enough in our taste, and "Everywoman" may prove a play for all. For it contains shreds and patches of every sort of stage piece. There is something of the fancy of "The Palace of Truth," there is more than a touch of the ordinary "Lane" melodrama, there are stage scenes something like those of the Follies, there is much in the style of musical comedy, there is sentiment in abundance and vulgar cynicism and to spare. There are life and death and spring and winter, but

there is no reality, no grip, no truth, no literature, poetry, or beauty. The general effect is as if a stonemason should try to make a butterfly, or an electrical engineer attempt to outshine Shelley or re-awake the rich echoes of the harp of Keats.

"Art and Opportunity" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre

JUST at the zenith of their theatrical vogue, I suppose it would be impolite to hint that we are getting just a little too familiar with the rather small managing woman who always gets her own clever way and appears to delight the whole world *en route*. In everyday life the type is recognised as a sort of person before whom all men flee. But things are so different on the stage. And then Mr. Harold Chaplin presents a peculiar form of the small managing woman, and Miss Marie Tempest plays the part, so all's well with the theatrical world. The character of Mrs. Cheverelle is not new or true, but it is a pleasant variant on a well-known pattern. In her desire to improve her position as a young widow, rich in requirements but poor of purse, she links to herself the youngest of the great Gossamore family. These excellent people are dukes and earls and all that sort of thing, but they are not quite so clever as the real people of that class, and they are very hasty about falling in love, or, at least, in desiring to marry Mrs. Cheverelle. The Duke of Keels as played by Mr. Graham Browne is a figure of farce dating back far into the past. Mr. Charles V. France as the Earl of Worplesdon is as convincing as possible, and Mr. Edmond Breon as the earl's son is as much so as the author will permit him to be.

Occasionally one feels a touch of Meredith in the drawing of the various figures which form the set upon which Mrs. Cheverelle at first wished to force herself, and later felt she would like to sway through Mr. Henry Bently, M.P., the duke's secretary. This gentleman became sometimes straightforward and unaffected, and sometimes theatrical in the hands of Mr. Norman Trevor, who looked splendidly capable in either case. Of course, all audiences like to see Miss Marie Tempest score heavily against any other characters who happen to be on the stage at the Prince of Wales', but Mr. Chaplin makes all this very, very simple for her, and the comedy loses its grip and that note of *vraisemblance* without which the cleverest dialogue, the neatest situations, the most elaborate setting, grow to be but of small account. And yet "Art and Opportunity" is full of cleverly-arranged moments and turns of phrase which provoke a fair amount of laughter; irony that might, perhaps, be a little less obvious with advantage, and a general lightness and brightness which must always prove attractive in a dull age.

Of course, Miss Tempest carries the success or failure of the play in the hollow of her little hand. Without her Mrs. Cheverelle constantly

in view, without her quick turns of voice, her brave glances, her gaiety, her sadness and her tenderness, I fear that Mr. Chaplin's play would be little more than a trivial, amusing sketch. But with the aid of our most accomplished comedy actresses the play runs brilliantly for a couple of hours, and laughter is heard in all parts of the house. We have not spoken of Miss Serjeantson, for her part of Lady O'Hoyle—the aunt of dukes and earls—is not worthy of her skill. It may be remembered that "The Honeymoon" was greeted but coldly by the world, and that its fine comedy qualities soon won upon the public, and Mr. Arnold Bennett's play was, I believe, an immense success. I should not be surprised if this order of things were changed in regard to "Art and Opportunity." It would be a pity, for the clever author only needs a touch or two of sincerity to achieve a real victory.

EGAN MEW.

Music at Prague

THE ardent lover of opera who cannot find his joy in London, who despises the art of Paris, has a difficulty in buying seats for the really first-rate performances in Berlin, and is irked by the Anglo-Americanism of Dresden, might do worse than establish himself for a season at Prague, among the extremely musical Bohemians. There he will find two opera-houses, both of them, like Mr. Gashleigh's silver bread-basket, very rich and handsome. In one of these theatres, operas are given in German; in the other, the Czech language, except in the case of a "guest" singer who does not know it, is supreme. On a recent Sunday evening we might have heard the famous Winkelman as John of Leyden in "The Prophet," had we not preferred the attractions of an opera by Dvorák, of which we were entirely ignorant. At first it does not seem easy to patronise the National Opera House, for its advertisements are in the national language, and for the ordinary stranger they might as well be in Persian. But if the said stranger will walk into the music shop of the Frères Urbanek, next door to the Opera House, he will there meet with a civility and kindness for which he will not easily be too grateful. One of these gentlemen, who speaks English, will readily interpret the *affiches*; nor does his eagerness to oblige the foreigner stop there, for he will accompany him to the box-office and procure whatever tickets are wanted. Such courtesy as this adds greatly to the pleasure of a visit to the Czech opera, and the traveller will find that it is by no means an isolated instance. Except in Spain, we have never met with such unvarying politeness from the inhabitants, high and low, of any country.

We must be in our seats at seven o'clock, and it is as well to know that, if we leave them to smoke a cigarette in the street between the acts, we are expected to return before the curtain goes up again, for no one is allowed to disturb the audience by pressing to his seat while the music is going on. But it is one of those comfort-

able theatres which are very easy to get in and out of; and this is specially an advantage, because, while the intervals between the acts are unusually short, the attractions of a visit to the street are very great. No one wants to go out of Covent Garden into Bow Street between the acts. But one steps out from the National Theatre at Prague into the midst of beauty and of history. At once you are standing, in the evening light, looking upon one of the fairest scenes that any European city can boast, challenging Buda-Pesth, competing with Edinburgh, out-classing Dresden. Prague shows you its River Ultava, that ancient river Ultava—we do not call it the Moldau any longer—crossed by the famous bridge of Charles IV, whence John of Nepomuk was thrown into the waters; and, rising on the farther bank, are wooded slopes crowned by the Hradcany Castle, the Capitol of Prague. Mozart has looked upon that view, you reflect, as you leave it to listen to another act of "Don Juan"; and the repertoire of this National Theatre is so varied that you would not be surprised were "La Clemenza di Tito" to be presently announced—the opera which brought Mozart on his last journey to Prague, just before his death.

Much is said in these days about the great advantage to the hearers when an opera is sung in the vernacular. We must confess that we do not share the desire that all our operas should be sung to us in English. We have heard a great many in the vulgar tongue; but, had we not known the opera already, or been provided with its libretto, it might almost as well have been in any other language. We would rather have an opera in the language to which the composer set his music, and take the little trouble required to acquaint ourselves sufficiently with the libretto to understand what is going on. It was a very interesting experience to hear a performance, in an entirely strange tongue, of a work previously unknown to us. The programme gave us a long story of the plot; but, as it was in Czech, this was no good to us; we did not even know at the time what the title of Dvorák's opera, "Certa Káca," might mean; but now, since an obliging native has done his best to explain something of the story, in French, for us, we are a little wiser. The title signifies "The Devil and Katharine." The first act showed us a village *festa*, and the lively dance tunes and the emphatic rhythms needed no explanation. When a well-looking stranger arrived and danced with a lady whom no one else had invited, the music could hardly be expected to certify to us that this was Lucifer in person; but when a trapdoor opened, from which flames burst up, and the pair descended into the abyss, there was no mistaking the identity of the gallant. The apparent indifference of the company to the catastrophe was rather mystifying, nor could we tell why a young man, the tenor of the piece, should presently jump after the Devil and Katharine. We had, however, been quite well entertained by the bright music and the unfailing cleverness of the orchestration. The second act passes in hell, where many devils, horned and tailed, but without cloven feet, danced and joked; and Katharine

and the two other protagonists acted in various mysterious ways, eventually quitting the infernal regions and leaving the devils alone.

Next we were introduced to the most sumptuous of *baroque* palaces, and to an aged Princess, to whom entered servants and peasants and the original Devil and Katharine. What they might be doing was dark, till at the close of the performance it was explained to us that the young man, a shepherd, had exclaimed he would rather go to the Devil than go back to his master; that Katharine, neglected by the swains, had vowed that she would dance with the Devil rather than not dance at all, and that his Infernal Majesty, taking them at their word, had sent a trusty agent to see if they were really fit for hell, and incidentally to try and drag down the Princess; that, when the devils get Katharine, they were anxious to get rid of so unattractive a recruit, and that the Shepherd managed somehow to save the Princess. It was not, as will be seen, the best of operabooks, and, in spite of the liveliness and skill of the music, we cannot recommend "Cert a Kàca" to the syndicate of Covent Garden, interesting as it was to see once.

Another evening we witnessed a ballet-pantomime called "Pohadka o Konzovi," the music by Oskar Nedbal. This told the story of two bumptious brothers and a third who was reckoned very little of by them, but who found favour with the King of the Fairies and was enabled to save the life of the beautiful Princess about to be devoured by a dragon. This was a very pretty ballet, of a rather old-fashioned type; the music unfailingly pleasant, in a manner not unlike that of Humperdinck, but with an unmistakable Slav character. It seemed as though good use were being made of real Bohemian tunes. At this performance, which was certainly a very well-executed one, the theatre was filled with children, as if it had been Drury Lane at Christmas time. No doubt it formed a very suitable entertainment for them, and they looked as if they enjoyed the dancing as much as the dragon, and the tournament in which the despised brother fought and conquered the bumptious ones. They are trained thus early in Prague to become connoisseurs of the ballet, a fortune that will not, we suppose, be the lot of British children as long as "Thamar" and "Scheherazade" form part of Covent Garden evening entertainments. For children are apt to insist on knowing "what it is all about," and it might tax the ingenuity of their elders to explain those remarkable stories.

A third performance at the Czech Opera House was of that loveliest of operas, Gluck's "Orfeo," the Orfeo being a Miss "Theo Drill-Orridgeora." We were told that she was English. We have our doubts. She may have been an American. Well do we remember a charming contralto whose name was Orridge, but she passed too soon from the scene of her successes. From whatever country the prima donna of Prague had come, she sang her part in Italian, as did Amor, and the rest of the artists sang in Czech. The opera was beautifully mounted, and the orchestra, as it was on the other occa-

sions that we heard it, played admirably. The singers were not, perhaps, very good. But, in spite of this, all the three performances that we heard were very pleasant, and we much regretted that we could not remain to hear Swetana's "Dalibor." Conscientiously, then, we can recommend the beautiful city of Prague to the unsatisfied lover of opera. The seats in the theatre are cheap, comfortable, and, if musical variety be sought, there are many delightful public gardens and parks, and islands in the river where excellent regimental bands are often to be heard playing their gay tunes. Only one disappointment waited for us at Prague. We had hoped surely to be able to buy there a long-desired copy of the famous "Battle of Prague," which we used to play in our extreme youth, and would dearly like to play again. Carlyle knew it—"the battle which sounded throughout all the world, and used to deafen us in drawing-rooms within man's memory." And the immortal history of the Sedleys and the Osbornes might conceivably have been different, had not the Sisters Osborne played it in Russell Square when Miss Schwartz was of the company, and found Amelia's name on "Fleury du Tagy," or was it upon the copy of "that sweet thing from 'The Cabinet'?"

C. W. JAMES.

The Hereford Festival—Leoncavallo

THE Hereford Festival took place last week, and it was about the hundred-and-eightieth meeting of the Three Choirs. It may be mentioned as a thing characteristically and beautifully British that "The Messiah" has been part of the programme every time since 1747, except once, in 1875. Indeed, the whole Festivals are thoroughly typical of our British way of starting out to do something and doing in the end something totally different. What the Festivals pretend to do is to aid the fund for the widows and orphans of the clergy of the three dioceses: what they really do—and do remarkably well, all things considered—is to foster the cause of music in districts which are, otherwise, artistic wildernesses. The *modus operandi* is curiously roundabout. The Festivals could not take place if the stewards did not guarantee substantial sums, and the guarantors are always called upon. There are collections at the doors for the Fund, and these collections are not used for making up the deficits on the Festivals. If it were not for the Festivals, there would be no Fund, or at any rate, the Fund would suffer considerably: if it were not for the Fund there would be no Festival—or at any rate it would be even harder than it is to get together the necessary guarantees. This interdependence of music and charity, as though people needed a charity as an excuse to themselves and in the eyes of the world for the support they give to music—where, except in the United Kingdom, could one find it? Further, it is probably only here that one would find cathedral organists willing to undertake the enormous labour of preparing and conducting such Festivals with-

out any hope of reward other than the applause of their consciences. All honour to them. These things are worth considering, and they are set out here in no carping spirit, but rather by way of friendly warning; for it is obvious that the Festivals rest on a foundation wholly artificial and insecure, and it would be tragic if they could not be made safe against accidents or the caprices of patrons.

The fact that the Festival just concluded—the eighth conducted by Dr. Sinclair—has by common consent been among the best of recent times gives additional force to these reflections. The performances of the St. Matthew Passion of Bach, of the Good Friday music of the Grail Scene from “Parsifal,” and of Brahms’ “Requiem” were on a high level. The human warmth and the welcome absence of sensational trickery which distinguished the Bach performance were specially welcome. The Festival, further, had two personal features of special interest. The first was the return of Miss Muriel Foster, with her powers unimpaired, and, from the interpretative point of view, perhaps even more widely developed than of old. The second was the successful first appearance as a Festival singer of Miss Ruth Vincent, who did great credit not only to herself but to Mme. Albani, who had put the finishing touches to her training and was present to witness her pupil’s prowess.

There were several new works produced which were interesting without perhaps adding much to their respective composers’ reputations. Sir Hubert Parry’s setting of William Dunbar’s naively primitive “Hymn on the Nativity” is very Parry-ish. It is full of manly vigour, expressed in easily moving contrapuntal figures, and has the British open-air feeling which we associate with the composer’s best work. Dr. Vaughan Williams’ “Fantasia on Christmas Carols” is very lively and very charming, but very slight. Though it hardly carries guns enough for a Festival, it is sure to be popular all over the country. The “Serenade for Strings” of Granville Bantock is pleasant to listen to, and the last movement is a fine study in the possibilities of varied tone-colour with limited means. He, too, has used folk songs: but the original intermezzo has the greatest intrinsic musical value. The origin of the Serenade dates back to 1895, but it has probably had the finishing touches put to it recently. Sir Edward Elgar contributed two quasi-novelties—one an orchestral version, which is brilliantly able, of his two songs, “The Torch” and “The River,” and the other a suite made up of the incidental music to “The Crown of India.” It is more effective thus heard by itself than it was in the theatre, and the use of Eastern colour is delightful in its fastidious avoidance of excess.

It is not often that London is chosen as the birth-place of a new opera by a composer of cosmopolitan fame. The last opera first produced here was Massenet’s “La Navarraise,” about eighteen years ago, though if all had gone well, “The Girl of the Golden West” would first have faced the footlights at Covent Garden. The first performance of Leoncavallo’s “Zingari” is there-

fore an event worth chronicling. Its value is, however, small. The libretto, derived from a story of Poushkin, is inconclusive and, though it deals with tremendous issues of passion, bloodless, and the music is curiously childlike. There is no kind of organic growth about it, no sense of proportion or climax. It ambles on, sensuous and crudely blatant in turn, without any evidence discernible at one hearing of general design or unity. It is very reminiscent of “Pagliacci” and Puccini. It has two or three flowing tunes of rather obvious but distinctly taking sentiment, which will no doubt travel speedily round the civilised world. The enthusiasm of their reception at the Hippodrome on Monday was quite wonderful: the like of it has surely never been seen or heard in London. What its precise significance was is not quite easy to determine. One could not help wondering, too, whether the work, as a whole, would not have made a deeper impression if sung in English by native artists. The interpreters—Signora Pavoni and Signor Caronna and Signor Cunega—were adequate, but Destinn Sammarco and Caruso could not have had a greater triumph. The chorus and orchestra were rough, but Signor Leoncavallo, who conducted, was so placed that his baton must have been all but invisible from both orchestra and stage, for he was in the dark. Metaphorically, the performers seemed more than once in the dark as to his precise intentions.

ALFRED KALISCH.

A Cornish Sketch

THE Cleave and the Beach, which a few seconds before had seemed to be given over either to sleep or silent meditation, suddenly electrified into life.

The men on the lugger had been too oppressed by the heat and scarcity of fish to do aught but smoke, and very occasionally give vent to forcible exclamations of annoyance when a fly or “apple-drone” disturbed them. The question of National Insurance, usually so violently discussed, has had no interest whatever for them to-day.

The younger men were lazily curled up under the shade of the boats, half asleep. One would, every now and then, rouse himself sufficiently to hurl a fierce execration at the children who seemed irresistibly tempted to drop stones and sand on the recumbent figures. It was too hot even for the women to stand at the corner and gossip.

Overhead is a cloudless sky and a blazing sun, the heat of which is reflected relentlessly from white and grey plastered houses and red-tiled roofs: the sea is calm and blue, no breath of wind ruffles its oily surface.

“Mack-ur-rel.”

The long-drawn-out cry of the “huer,” from the cliff above, instantly dispels this scene of quiet and repose. He has been lying half hidden in the bracken which fringes the lofty rocks, apparently gazing idly into the sea. But there is no idleness; he has been very wide

awake indeed, and his roving eyes have incessantly and closely observed every shadow and shade on the unruffled face of the bay beneath him, and his telescope has been in constant requisition. He notes a dark spot a quarter of a mile away and instantly his whole attention is concentrated upon it. It grows and grows like the circles made by a stone cast into a mill pond; the deep indigo shadow surrounded by lighter shades of blue is now speckled with flashes of silver, and over it hover a flock of discordant gulls. Springing from his ferny bed the "huer" sends his stentorian voice through the still air.

"Mack-ur-rel."

The occupants of the lugger rise in haste; the youths spring up from their shingly beds; sleep is banished in a moment, each one is ready for the task before him. The women run from their houses, heat and sunstroke are ignored.

"Mack-ur-rel."

The crew of the seine boat hastily jump into a punt near at hand, regardless of danger from over-crowding, and row to where the long, graceful boat, with the brown net stored in the stern, is moored off the shore.

A hasty glance is cast towards the place where the "huer" stands with outstretched arm, signalling the direction in which the school of mackerel has last played, and away the boats go.

The shouts of men, the creaking of the oars, and the splashing of water, follow. First comes the grey seine boat with her crew of six oarsmen, the helmsman, and the man who helps him cast the net. Age, in a white jumper, unites with youth, in a blue guernsey, for a man can scarcely be too old or a boy too young to go "mac-kur-reling." The man at the tiller gazes steadily before him, in order that he may get the first sight of the fish when they play up again. One hand rests almost lovingly on the hard meshes of the net, for, besides being the means of providing food, clothing, and rent for many a family, with beer and baccy for the men, the value is considerable, and eighty pounds would barely purchase that brown heap of string, cork, and lead.

Close behind comes the "vollower" with its store of pebbles, and the big stone drilled through the middle, through which a cord is fastened. The rear is brought up by the little "larker" propelled by three laughing boys.

Then the men in the leading boat stop rowing, and she drifts some distance with the impetus they have got on her. All stand up and gaze about. It is most imperative that they should, if possible, see the school themselves rather than wait for the call of the "huer," for there are two other boats racing up behind, and every second is of the utmost importance.

"Mack-ur-rel."

Quite close the fish play up this time, their silver bodies rising out of the azure sea, churning it into a miniature purple maelstrom.

The voice of the helmsman rings out; very forcible and quite unparliamentary in his speech. The oarsmen

give way in response with renewed energy, each one putting his utmost strength into the stroke, and the heavy boat flies in a circle, well outside the spot where the mackerel are. The two men in the stern throw out the net, which floats away behind, the ring of bobbing corks show where it has sunk below the surface. The perspiration pours off their faces, which have suddenly become aged and haggard. Immediately the "vollower" comes up, and whilst one man catches the floating cord at the end of the net, two others throw the pebbles with which the boat has been provided, into the centre of the enclosed space, in order to frighten the fish, and make them sink so that they may not jump over the net. Again and again is the heavy drilled stone thrown out for the same purpose, and pulled back each time by the cord strung through it. At length the whole seine has been shot, the huge circle completed. The boys in the "larker" take the anchor of the largest boat, row away with it, and throw it into the sea at a distance: there will now be something to resist the weight of the net when it is slowly hauled in. The shower of pebbles and the incessant splash of the corded stones continue.

The men don their oilskin aprons, and prepare for the heavy work in store for them. The helmsman is still gasping and wiping his brow; it was no light job casting out the seine.

Still the fish are splashing, though every minute their frantic efforts to escape from the trap which encloses them become more subdued, until at length they sink sullenly out of sight; even now they may find a way out of the net which is rapidly forming into the shape of a purse. Very slowly, for the weight is great, the circle contracts, and under the compulsion of those strong arms it becomes an ellipse, and finally only a shapeless mass of string and cork and floating weed. Anxiously the men peer into the clear water. Have their efforts been in vain, and have the fish after all escaped from the toils? A glimmer of silver shines through the dark meshes, and the forms of many victims can be seen. Then the "vollower" takes up a position on the other side; gradually, in a great bag, the seine is lifted between the two boats, and the harvest of the sea is reaped. Silver mackerel, drab-coloured dabs, a couple of speckled plaice, and a flabby dead-white ray, intermingled with shreds of many shades of green sea weed, are poured out in a shining flapping heap. At once the business of re-arranging the seine takes place. Another school may play up at any minute and there is no time for rest yet. One man, more self-indulgent than his fellows, raises the heavy stone jar to his lips. Two others throw the fish from the seine boat into the "larker," counting them by threes as they do so, forty-two of which go to the hundred. This is the first catch for some days, and the quicker to market the greater the gain. As soon as the tally is told, thirty-four hundred, two boys seize the oars and row off to the neighbouring town.

"A decentish catch," the helmsman mutters as he arranges the net, and his thoughts wander to the pos-

sible price and what he will realise. The proceeds will be divided into shares; so many for the men, so many for the boys, the boat, and the seine. He is owner of the boat and part owner of the seine, and he will, in addition to all this, receive an extra share for casting the net.

They catch no more mackerel to-day; once again they shoot but only to tear their nets on some rocky ground. The wind has gone into the east whilst they have been out, and the short wash, which always accompanies it, is now setting on the shore.

With much laughter and shouting they bring the remaining boats to land. It is a wet performance and more than one of the men drops into the water as he jumps over the bow, to avoid the waves which splash over the stern. Wives, daughters, sisters, and the few occupants of the lugger greet them with eager inquiries.

The day's task is done, and they wend their respective ways; some of the men homewards, with one child on shoulder and leading another by hand, others to the public-house where the tale of the "shoot," and the result, is told and retold over and over again. Then back to sleep or meditation on the lugger, and the beach, until "Mack-ur-rel" is called again.

HAROLD WINTLE.

"Babu" English

BY GEORGE CECIL

IN the early days of the European occupation of India there was scarcely any need for a native to speak English. The Dutch settlers were settlers in the fullest sense of the term, and during the years which lapsed between their arrival and departure—or demise—they took the trouble to master Hindostani, generally addressing the coloured man in that easily-acquired—and not particularly interesting—language. But as the decades rolled by, the "unchanging East" came within measurable distance of belying its name. To a certain extent the old order made way for the new, the first signs of the times being that the ambitious, far-seeing Mahometan official—though cursing the European in his beard for employing so difficult a lingo—set about learning English, in order that he might further his own ends. The wide-awake Hindu merchant—for the same excellent reason—wrestled with the irritating intricacies of English spelling and pronunciation; and, later on, all natives who hankered after well-paid, pensionary service under the Government, or with a European firm, found themselves compelled to follow the pioneer's shining example. To-day there is not an educated "babu"—as the Indian clerk is termed—who cannot speak, read, and write the perplexing language of his conquerors, the colleges turning them out by the hundred every session. In fact, the question is, what to do with them? There are not enough suitable positions to go round; and when manual labour is suggested

the proud graduate's inherent and inordinate self-esteem is up in arms at the thought of anything so *infra dig*.

The willing native is taught English in much the same manner as that prevailing in England. There is, however, a difference, for, being instructed by a teacher of his own nationality, he is seldom encouraged to overcome the difficulties of pronunciation—difficulties which are as terrifying to the pedagogue as to the mystified pupil. And the obstinate Aryan, for some reason best known to himself, goes out of his way to devise odd innovations, and to give himself the trouble of over-emphasising a letter. Thus, he pronounces the article "the" "thee," and he loves to prefix words commencing with the letters "s" "t" with the syllable "iss," to which he imparts a peculiar hissing sound. Another of his linguistic idiosyncrasies is that he invariably sounds the terminal "y" like double "e," a peculiarity which is as marked as any. "Funny," for instance, is transformed into "funnee," "lovely" into "lovelee," and "o" is occasionally changed to "a." "Babu, have you drawn a horse in the Calcutta lottery?" inquires the genial European jute merchant of his sporting typist, who has expended three months' savings upon a ticket. "Unfortunately, my luckee star was far from being in thee desired ascendant," replies the black scribe, adding: "So I am completelee in thee dumps and doldrums, as well as overwhelmed by thee thunder clouds of misfortune. No-a, I am unaccountablee unluckee." It will be perceived that the verbose fellow does not express himself simply—that he claps on full sail. But of this more anon.

The above-mentioned variations on the customary pronunciation of English words are part and parcel of the "babu's" very creditable attempts to make headway with a singularly puzzling tongue. Unconsciously governed by his own language, he cannot, for the life of him, escape its fell influence. The formation of his palate also presents an obstacle which can only be overcome by reconstruction of the organ. For the rest, the speaker of "babu" English adopts a curious, undulating method of pitching his "tenorish" voice, which, while defying description, can never be forgotten by those who have experienced its effect. In moments of anger the tone suggests the wind whistling round the chimney-tops, while there are many occasions when it is reminiscent of the scratchy sound made by the wavelets as they recede from the shingle. In reading verse the accent is placed on the wrong syllable, and undue prominence is given to certain words. Nothing, however, will induce the "babu" to render it otherwise. The proper manner of reciting poetry may be dinned into the pupil, who—parrot-like—repeats the lines correctly; but the moment he is left to his own devices the teacher's injunctions are speedily forgotten. The sing-song intonation, by the way, is partly owing to the Oriental's method of study. Unable to sit at a table, the student needs must squat on his heels, swaying his body—redolent of cocoa-nut oil—backwards and forwards as he commits the lesson to a singularly retentive memory. It also should be remembered that every word is repeated

in a carrying voice, which, though audible at a distance of fifty yards, does not disturb the rest of the class.

Shakespeare has been called the "babu's bible"—and not without reason. The moment the enterprising student embarks upon a course of "English as she is spoke" a veneration for the bard is inculcated in him; and when he reaches the pot-hook and hanger stage Shakespearean metaphor slips glibly from his "beetle"-stained lips. Indeed, where the Elizabethan dramatist is concerned, the native's ability to memorise is positively wonderful; he will reel off phrase after phrase and line after line without once repeating himself. But his method is more or less parrot-like; the "babu" who spouts "He jests at scars who never felt a wound" probably would be hard put to it to tell a scar from a wound. For the rest, an acquaintance with Shakespeare's works is the *alpha* and *omega* of his knowledge of English. If at a loss for an expression, the voracious scholar dips into "Henry V," "Macbeth," "Coriolanus," or some other play; and should he happen upon something which—in his view—suits the occasion, he does not hesitate to make use of the newly-acquired information. The clerk also garnishes his conversation with random Shakespearean quotations. "I have lost my penknife—and I have my suspicions," thunders the stern "Sahib" to the guilty one. "Sir, dost smell a rat?" is the thief's placid comment.

The "babu's" letters—in which little use is made of periods—are spiced with a wealth of words borrowed haphazard from the same source. The subjoined example, for instance, is typical of his efforts in this direction:—

100, Dhurumtollah,
Calcutta

June 20th 1910.

Honourable Sir There being a vacant post in your Honour's firmament which your Honour has a difficulty in filling owing to few proper candidates presenting themselves I say begone dull care. For I am a suitable one for the post being grave and reverend and well versed in learning and of reasoning mind like Portia. Your Honour wants his pound of flesh no doubt in return for the salary offered. Substitute brains for flesh and measure for measure is yours and if I prove myself incapable of affording satisfaction your Honour may write me down an ass. Ever praying for your Honour's prosperity and happiness now and in the great hereafter I am ever your Honour's humblest petitioner.

The writer of the above effusion, it may be remarked, obtained the coveted position owing to the amusement afforded by his application.

Although "babu" English has been responsible for countless epistles couched in the most remarkable language ever penned, it is generally admitted by European residents in India that the following specimen, which was written by an ailing ledger-keeper, who craved leave of absence to enable him to consult the doctor, has no equal:—

Sir

I most respectfully solicits your esteemed permission

to absent myself this morning from your place of business because I have boils as per margin.

Your faithful ledger clerk.

Within a carefully-ruled margin the ingenious sufferer had laboriously inscribed six circles of varying sizes, thus illustrating the painful malady which had overtaken him. Extraordinary though the foregoing is, it must be admitted that the written application for employment which is herewith reproduced, for originality, mixed metaphor, and ornate language, could not be beaten:—

Civil Lines Lucknow

May 6/09.

Munificent Sir

I entrust to your nobleness of character this my most miserable petition. It has come to this crawling worm's knowledge that your greatness has a vacancy for a merely fundamental post as dispatching clerk in order department of your old-established wine business which I am credibly informed maketh glad the heart of man. O enlightened and pitying Sir if you gifted with some bowel of compassion kindly be merciful to me a sinner, for which act of clemency I will never cease to pray unless prevented by cholera or plague. Fill my cup of sparkling happiness by giving me the job, and by hook or by crook I will make thee glorious by my pen. N.B. Of quite catholic religious tastes I can become Christian if desired. P.S. All my relations being non est I need no leave of absence for attending to obsequies of the defunct ones.

Your grateful (in advance)

— — — — —

If the "babu" undoubtedly writes the oddest English ever known, a slavish devotion to the dictionary keeps him from misspelling words. In fact, so great is the pleasure which the seeker after information derives from consulting the indispensable work of reference, that on ferreting out the object of his search he will verify—what he believes to be—its appropriateness by consulting the Scriptures, Johnson's dictionary, and the daily papers. And if, in his search, the diligent creature happens upon some word with which he is not already familiar it will be ear-marked for future reference. That is no doubt why the present scribe, on quitting India, was favoured with the valedictory note which is herewith reproduced:—

Bombay

Friday

Dear Sir and fleeting friend

And so it came to pass you visited our land of Goshen. And, moreover, you now depart from amongst us. Icabad! the glory, like yourself, is departed. Peradventure, you will return, or, peradventure, you will not. But "remember, remember."

Your truly and affectionately

— — — — —

It will be perceived that the writer of this letter, unlike the other educated natives whose epistles have been reproduced, has spared no expense in punctuation. But he took his B.A. at Calcutta University—or, rather, he says he did.

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

REGULATION tours are, of course, very delightful in their way: indeed, what the average traveller would do without them it is difficult to conceive. At the same time there is plenty of room left, even in this populous Europe of ours, for individual enterprise on the part of those who are possessed of a fitting amount of initiative and imagination. The possibilities in this direction have recently been illustrated by a friend of mine. It may seem somewhat of a feat for a man already verging on advanced middle age to proceed in an open boat from the Port of London to the Black Sea. Yet this friend of mine achieved all this, and, moreover, he appears to have revelled not a little in every moment that this achievement occupied. It was a trip which would have warmed the heart of a marine gipsy, did such a creature exist—and it is possible that he may, although it has never been my lot to meet him. In this instance the traveller remained the captain of his own small craft from start to finish: it is true that in no case would there have been room for many skippers, since the *Araminta* was a mere dinghy. His movements were his own, entirely unconnected with railway whistles and steamship hootings, a method of progress that is sufficiently rare in these days. It is needless to say that the production of a book followed the completion of the trip. This was justified by the adventure. But the work was printed for private circulation only, which was modest and abnormal.

From Limehouse Pier to the Black Sea by dinghy sounds a far cry. It is necessary to explain how this was effected. As a matter of fact, the salt-water part of the voyage was confined to the crossing between Dover and Calais, since the Thames and a judicious employment of creeks and canals had assisted in the passage to the English coast. But it is not everyone who cares to pull across the Channel in a dinghy. Once in France, the open sea was done with until the waters of the Black Sea hove in sight. The route lay, as a matter of fact, through the various canals and rivers which lead through Belgium and Holland by way of Ghyselde, Bruges, and Terneuzen, until the Rhine proper was entered at Dordrecht. After this the voyage becomes a ridiculously simple one—on paper! It was merely necessary to run up the waters of the Rhine and to pass thence into those of the Maine, from which, in turn, the Ludwigs Canal gives access to the upper stream of the Danube. After this a leisurely procession past Vienna and Buda-Pesth, then through the wilds of Hungary, Servia, Rumania, and Bulgaria, until the dinghy floated safely on the waters of the Black Sea at Sulina. There is no space here to enter into the fascination of the journey, which is obvious, nor into the strange wealth of historical country through which it led. An enterprise such as this is not everybody's trip. Its enjoyment is reserved for those who possess the requisite pluck, energy, and, incidentally, leisure. And not a few similar—if rather less ambitious—

voyages of the kind still remain to be achieved in Europe.

As we have started on the water, we may as well remain there, for this week at all events. The subject of quite small boats on very broad waters is a fascinating one, and calls to mind the really amazing feats which have been achieved in this respect on the open ocean. To cross the Atlantic in a half-decked boat, or to stagger giddily beneath the Line and from one ocean to another, as did the *Falcon* in her famous cruise, is an achievement which places its author well outside the common run of humanity, yet these amazing feats are nothing new. Throughout the ages the world can produce others to rival them. The gallant skin-clad barbarian of Europe who went out to sea in his first coracle was braving a totally unfamiliar, and therefore doubly terrifying, force. The vikings who sailed past the ice to Newfoundland must have had hearts stouter than the planks of their frail boats, while the smallest vessels of even the later ocean-going Portuguese and Spanish explorers could have been piled on the deck of a fifth-rate modern tramp without inconvenience. Even I, in my own small way, have ventured, and learned respect for the untried. Did I not embark on a quaint structure, the work of a crank—a hull-less thing, all wire stays and floats, with a bicycle seat perched aloft, from which the navigator worked the treadles, which in turn caused a screw to revolve? And was I not spilt into the very centre of the muddy stream for my pains? I have every respect for the pioneer.

Forsaking this levity, there is a class of mariner who still undertakes voyages as perilous as any of those of a former age. He does this, moreover, for no glory and little profit, in the ordinary course of the occupation which gains him his livelihood. If you have travelled at all widely, you cannot fail to have noticed the number of English-built launches and tugs which serve the various ports and rivers in every one of the five continents. It is unlikely, nevertheless, that you have given a thought to the manner of their arrival, even at the most remote of these places. An astonishing number travel to their destination under their own steam. Once or twice in the course of a lifetime you may chance to meet with one of them in mid-ocean, and from the dry and roomy deck may watch the progress of the flea on the water. It is a wild enough career, this, as the tiny thing leaps and falls over a moderate ocean swell. At her wheel is a man seldom free from anxiety, his mind ceaselessly speculating concerning the coal capacity of his miniature bunkers, his eye continually on the watch for a change in the weather. There have been times, to my knowledge, when the mental strain has proved too much for the humble commander. Then, water-worn after days and weeks of buffeting, the little craft has arrived, to put on shore a vacant-eyed wreck of a man. The sea still holds some grim romance in the course of the ordinary day's work. The difference between the present and the past is that in these days it is wont to fall to the lot of the minority of mariners.

An Oxford Letter

OXFORD is in the throes of the American invasion. Not that this would matter to anyone, save, perhaps, the few savants who still linger at their task, if we could predict with confidence a hurried evacuation upon the approach of the first skirmishers that herald the return of the undergraduate host. On the contrary, we could extend our congratulations to the race of touts who thrive at their expense, no less than to the hotel proprietors, and to that antiquary shop which sells "Old bottles for ale, from the cellars of Lincoln College," which find a market, as the shopman will obligingly tell you, "chiefly amongst American visitors, sir." Nay, more; even the savants aforesaid, if pressed, would own to a preference for the American horde as compared with the undergraduate pest. For this last nuisance, in their eyes, alone mars the perfection of Oxford. Therefore, we would owe our Transatlantic friends no grudge for their vacation inrush if they would but confine their attentions to out of business hours. Unfortunately they are no longer so tactful.

The Americans are a great nation—almost as great as they will tell you that they are—and Cecil Rhodes was a great man; but whatever debt of gratitude his American scholars may owe to him, is not Oxford even more indebted? For they come to teach, not to learn. They have done with their schooling before they come to us. What has Oxford to give them? But they are generous, and only too willing to impart to us the *cachet* of Harvard and Yale. It is inspiring to watch their efforts to help us, and give old Oxford a wrinkle or two from more modern institutions. You see we are very young and hopelessly lacking in that seriousness of purpose which is writ large all over them. If a sense of humour is not conspicuous among them is it not more than compensated for, since its absence allows them to throw off on every impossible occasion some of those priceless moralisings which, rising as they do almost to the height of the finest platitude, do so much to check frivolous speech? Some foolish youth, for example, will give utterance to the following profound philosophy of life: "I make a point of never paying my tradesmen." Should any American be present there comes the prompt rejoinder, "Wall, across the water we think it dishonourable to live at the expense of our tradesfolk." Any sentiments prefaced by those inspiring words, "across the water we think," may be relied upon to express the most unimpeachable morality. It is, of course, a great blessing for us to be taught the fundamentals of honour and right conduct.

Since these supermen came to Oxford we cannot fail for want of example, for the American Rhodes scholar is not only chosen, as might be supposed, for seriousness of purpose, but rather for a combination of all those qualities, physical, intellectual, moral, which went to make up the Greek ideal. And then, what intuition, what insight into affairs! The young gentleman above quoted expresses his intention: "Now that training is

over I shall get 'blind' every night for a week." Should your American chance to see this young hopeful that same night in a somewhat exhilarated state, endeavouring by dint of much noise and effort to appear hopelessly intoxicated, the verdict goes back to the States that among the upper classes in England, far from being held a disgrace to get drunk it is looked upon as something of an achievement! Oxford is, of course, the scene of many a first plunge into the "strong waters" of inebriation, and from this the Transatlantic deduces the marvellous conclusion that English society is rotted to the core by a craving for alcohol.

Similarly, from the telling of a "smoking-room" story is inferred a lack of respect for women in England! A Rhodes scholar once told me that he thought London was the most immoral city in the world. On being questioned it appeared that he had seen so many couples "walking out"—that conspicuous feature among the most respectable of our lower classes—and had assumed that all these ladies belonged to that class known as unfortunate!

The fact is, we have no use for the American at Oxford. He comes to us with his character already formed and his opinions fixed. He does not understand us, and takes away a false impression. The very best type America gives us bears the stamp of ineradicable Puritanism—an excellent birthmark perhaps, but it is an excellence that is exasperating. If a young American is not a Puritan, then he is to be pitied, for he is usually rather despicable. They do not know how to—shall we say—vary the monotony of virtue in a manner that is at all pleasant to behold.

It may be said that they have helped us, at all events, in the realm of athletics. If that is so we would prefer to stand on our own merits and give no handle to captious criticism from our rivals. No, the best we can say of the invaders is that they bring with them from "across the water" some capital "rag-times," for which we are duly grateful.

YOUNG OXFORD.

Mind, a Myth

By SIR CHARLES WALPOLE.

NOW that "the Faculty" have at last condescended to recognise as fact what is variously called Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, and Hypnotism, instead of ignoring it as the fraudulent practice of impostors and showmen, we are on the threshold of increased knowledge in the Science of Psychology, and apart from any question of the utility or inutility of "suggestion"—as the exercise of certain natural laws is now called since it has put on the garb of respectability—the scientific study of these little-known phenomena, and the accumulation of facts from which to generalise, must largely add to our physical and psychical knowledge.

At the outset, however, there is one great pitfall which must be avoided, or the inquiry will stray from the main track and lose itself on by-roads. This pitfall is the

tendency in human nature to personify an idea—the tendency which in religion is anthropomorphic, and which in politics spells “La République” with a big “R,” and “the people” with a big “P.”

The immediate pitfall to which I refer is the treating of what it is convenient to call “the Mind” as an actual entity. We speak of the Mind, the Intellect, the Will as an existing thing—something individual apart from, and differing from, the body and any part of it; as an existence of which the brain is merely the instrument, and which itself controls the body. We identify it with Self, the Ego, and I know not what beside. We speculate upon the action of mind on matter, the relation of mind to body and body to mind, and on how the one is associated with the other.

Now, what for convenience we call the Mind is none of these things. It has no existence either dependent on or independent of the body. It is neither more nor less than a state of consciousness: and a state of consciousness is the result of the human machine being in perfect working order. The body, including the infinitely complex nervous system, is a machine—a machine which requires constant stoking with food; and when the machine is adjusted, it is capable of receiving impressions, more or less perfect, according as it is well or ill adjusted. A state of consciousness is thus developed, more or less perfect as the adjustment is more or less perfect. How this comes about is another matter; perhaps we shall never solve the problem. Perhaps the reasonable study of Psychology will enable us to do so. But, a state of consciousness having supervened, the machine is enabled to register and co-ordinate its impressions. Hence come memory, discrimination, judgment, introspection, ratiocination. And these phenomena we call “Mind.” But there is no entity there beyond the machine. There is only a conscious machine and its action.

If the machine gets out of gear, consciousness is weakened, so is “the Mind.” If the machine temporarily stops working, consciousness temporarily ceases. If the machine is so injured, or worn out, that it ceases to work altogether, where is the “Mind”? The mind is absolutely dependent on consciousness, and consciousness depends on the machine being in working order; the machine may work without consciousness, but there can be no consciousness without the machine, and no mind without consciousness.

The quality of the phenomena of “Mind” depends on the quality and condition of the machine. If the machine is inferior, we have the weak “mind” of the idiot; if the machine is fatigued, we have the feeble “mind” of the tired man. Sleep, the result of fatigue, is a condition of the machine, where the phenomena of “mind” for the time being cease. The machine may indeed be open to some impressions, but it is only working at a quarter speed, and the phenomena of “Mind” are absent. The machine is roughly dealt with, and we have the man who has fainted or is stunned. The machine is abnormally stimulated, as where the brain is acted upon by the hypnotist, and we have the machine

acting abnormally and producing abnormal phenomena. The machine again may be abnormally stimulated by what we call disease, or by alcohol, and then we have the machine producing the abnormal phenomena of lunacy or drunkenness. But these are all conditions of the machine in a state of more or less consciousness and more or less perfect adjustment. There is no independent entity which suffers, sleeps, wakes, or acts apart from the machine.

When the foetus has breathed, it becomes finally adjusted, and a rudimentary consciousness develops. Consciousness entails self-recognition. Self-recognition invents the “Ego.” And as day by day the conscious machine registers its experiences and recognises the inherited impressions stored in its 1,200,000,000 brain cells, consciousness expands and the phenomena of mind are developed. As day by day the machine is nourished, it gets stronger and more active. But some machines are good, some bad; some are strong, some are weak; some are intellectual giants, some are idiots. Again, the machines are unequal. In some the brain is strong, but the frame and constitution are weak; in others the brain is weak, but the frame and constitution are strong. Where both are strong, the machine is most perfectly adjusted, and the phenomena of mind are the most remarkable. The inequality is largely dependent on health or disease, inherited or otherwise.

It is probable that the phenomena of “Mind” co-exist in a greater or less degree with consciousness. It is unascertained how low in the scale of nature consciousness extends. Consciousness of an extremely rudimentary character probably exists in the lowest animal organisms. Even a jellyfish is probably conscious in some degree of the sensations of pleasure and pain, and whenever any animal organism deliberately acts, or acts not, it exercises an elementary form of discrimination which is in fact the exhibition of mental phenomena. The higher animals undeniably exhibit memory, reason, and judgment; but all such phenomena depend on the existence of consciousness, and consciousness on the machine being in perfect working order.

Another figment, which tends to the confusion of thought, is the conception of the “Mind” exercising its “Will,” with a big “W.” Ultimate action is the resultant of all the impulses concerned. These impulses are the outcome of heredity and environment, and the ultimate action follows the line of least resistance. The conscious machine, the so-called “Ego,” has inherited various impulses from millions of ancestors, stereotyped by the environment of ages; these impulses are also affected by the present environment. The pressure of the strongest impulses, whether “good” or “bad,” regard being had to the pressure of existing circumstances and the present environment, will equal the resultant, which will be “good” or “bad” accordingly; and the line of least resistance will be the course finally pursued. If we could know the value of all the factors or forces, we could invariably foretell the product or resultant.

The phenomenon of double and triple personality is instructive. A person’s “character” is inherited from

his forbears. His personality is exhibited by his "character." After a shock, or under the stimulus of the hypnotist, he exhibits a totally different character, his past being perhaps obliterated. He has a new personality. Under a further stimulus yet a third character is presented, and he obtains yet another and different personality. This may be the result of some slight alteration, mechanical or chemical, in the brain cells under the influence of the stimulus, but it all points to the adjustment and readjustment of the machine, and the absence of any separate controlling entity.

What makes the machine work we do not know. It is convenient to call the motive power "Life"; but what life is, and what is its origin; whether it also is the result of an adjustment, or whether it is a force; or whether it is, like space, matter and energy, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, and always has been, is, and will be inherent in the atom, or what not, our scientific men—including Professor Schäfer—have not yet told us. But whatever it is which makes the machine work, it is certainly not "the Mind," for the machine will work more or less when there is no "mind" at all—even when there is no consciousness.

Let us then beware in the study of mental phenomena of treating what it is convenient to call "the Mind" as a separate existing entity.

Notes and News

A new novel by Edith Kenyon, "The Wooing of Mifanwy," a Welsh love-story, is published by Holden and Hardingham. It should appeal especially to all who loved the late Allen Raine's beautiful Welsh stories.

We are requested by Messrs. Chapman and Hall to state that the publication of the Rev. Henry W. Clark's second volume of "The History of English Nonconformity" has been deferred until the early part of next year.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson," at 5s. net, with a portrait; and "Coke of Norfolk and his Friends," by A. M. W. Stirling, a new edition revised and enlarged, with sixteen illustrations, at 12s. 6d. net.

In the Art Gallery of Manchester, from this week until the end of October, an exhibition of works by four Lancashire artists—James Charles, George Sheffield, William Stott (of Oldham), and D. A. Williamson—will be held; and during November and December an exhibition of Dutch work will take its place.

Mr. Charles E. Pearce has entitled his new story, which Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are publishing immediately, "A Star of the East." This book completes the trilogy of Mr. Pearce's novels of the Indian Mutiny, of which "Love Besieged" and "Red Revenge" were the first and second.

Messrs. John Long have just published an important novel, entitled "The Gate Openers," by K. L. Montgomery, author of "The Cardinal's Pawn," based upon that dramatic chapter of English history, the Rebecca Riots in South Wales in 1843. They will also issue almost immediately "The Two Rivers," a novel by Mr. E. I. E. Briggs, R.I., the well-known Scottish artist.

Messrs. Partridge and Co., Ltd., announce a new manual intended as a handbook for the would-be probationer. The author, who is the matron of the Westminster Hospital, deals with the preparation of the candidate before she enters upon her new duties, and the various appointments which are open to certificated nurses. The book, entitled "First Steps to Nursing," also warns prospective nurses of many pitfalls to be avoided, and it contains much necessary information in a popular form. It will be published at 1s. net.

The "Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes" by the late secretary of the Royal Philharmonic Society, Francesco Berger, to be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., is to be dedicated by Royal permission to H.M. Queen Alexandra. The same publishing house has added Jane Austen's best work to "Masterpieces of Fiction," a series notable for its bold type, good paper, and handsome illustrations; and will shortly issue a volume entitled "Sketches by Randolph Caldecott." Henry Blackburn, a friend of the artist, and his biographer, selected the sketches and contributed an introduction.

Mr. Fifield publishes shortly "The Notebooks of Samuel Butler" (author of "Erewhon"), arranged and edited by Henry Festing Jones, at 6s. net, with photographic portrait taken by Alfred Cathie in 1898, a biographical and bibliographical statement of principal dates, Butler's poems and sonnets, and an index; "Trystie's Quest," a fairy tale by Greville MacDonald, M.D., with cover and title-page design and thirty-one line illustrations by Arthur Hughes, 5s. net; and "The Nature of Woman" (3s. 6d. net), by J. Lionel Taylor, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London University Extension and Tutorial Lecturer on Biology and Sociology.

Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd., are about to add "Things Seen in Russia" to their artistic "Things Seen" Series. The book is by W. Barnes Steveni, who was for many years professor of English in the College of Peter the Great, and English correspondent to the *Daily Chronicle*, and who has recently written on Russian matters for THE ACADEMY. There are numerous charming illustrations. Mr. H. Chapman Jones, President of the Photographic Society, has contributed an extremely interesting book, entitled "Photography of To-Day," to the same firm's "Science of To-Day" Series; the book contains numerous well-chosen illustrations and diagrams, and is thoroughly up to date.

Certain antiquarian, heraldic, and archæological authorities have been trying to pick holes in some of the stage accessories of "Drake," but so far with very small success. Plays such as that now running at His Majesty's Theatre are not produced without a great deal of research work, and so many have been the authorities consulted that it has been found possible to answer every objection which has so far been raised. We note that Mr. John Lane is publishing the text of

the play, with illustrations, at 2s. and 1s., and that Messrs. Partridge and Co. are issuing a novel by Mr. Morice Gerard, entitled "A Fair Prisoner," the main incidents of which are supplied by the exciting events enacted in the historical raid by Sir Francis Drake in the harbour of Cadiz.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

CHINA'S FINANCES.

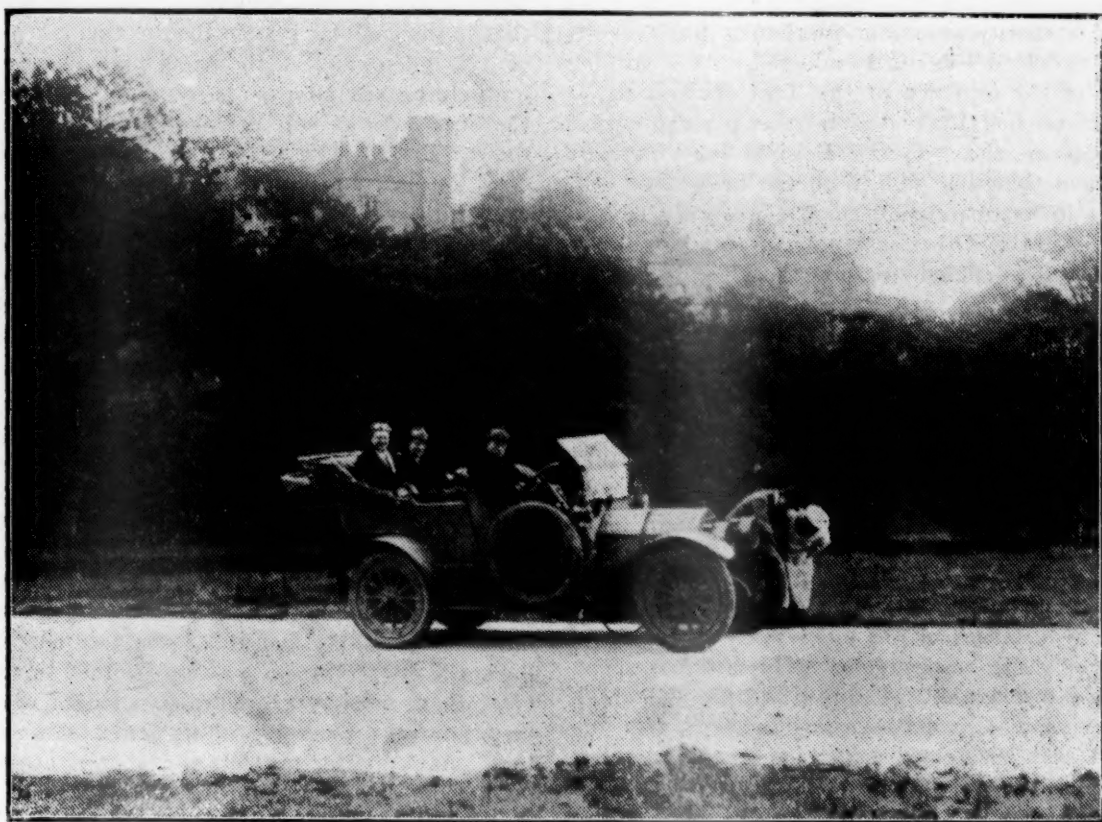
A REAWAKENED interest in the affairs of China is apparent throughout the world, an interest which, if we mistake not, is likely to be sustained for some time to come. It is scarcely a year since Western opinion was divided as to who would prove the victors in the sanguinary struggle that was precipitated on the Yangtze—the supporters of the dynasty or the "Sons of Han"; and in some quarters international intervention was advocated as the only means of restoring tranquillity in a country where the great Powers held so much at stake. But the ring was scrupulously kept, and, in a fight to the finish, the Republicans demonstrated the capacity of their forces and the righteousness of their cause. Thus the new regime, although formal recognition is still withheld by foreign Governments, has been accepted by the world as a fact accomplished. To-day our concern is for the stability, not for the character, of the Administration that has been established. "We desire," stated Sir Edward Grey in a despatch to the British Minister at the time of the revolution, "to see a strong and united China under whatever form of government the Chinese people wish."

In spite of the opinion held by a certain section of the Press, we do not for one moment doubt the sincerity of this declaration, a declaration which interprets the earnest desire of the trading and commercial communities of the West, and, at the same time, supplies the keynote to British policy in China. But the more closely we examine the present situation, the more pleasing does it appear, and there are not wanting critics who, unjustifiably as we believe, bring the charge of inconsistency against Sir Edward Grey. Let us face the facts. A strong and united China can only be realised by the establishment of an efficient Administration able to enforce its will throughout the entire country. To achieve such an object it becomes essential that the central Government be in possession of a sufficiency of funds. These two axioms are conceded universally. To meet the requirements of the situation, the financial representatives of the six great Powers are prepared to advance money to China on certain conditions, not only involving the supervision of expenditure in regard to any loan contracted, but also in some measure stipulating the purposes to which such loan should be devoted. Hitherto the Peking Government has deemed these conditions irksome, inasmuch as, if they were accepted, they would prove embarrassing to the domestic policy and offensive to public susceptibilities.

In her dilemma China endeavoured to escape from the clutches of the diplomatically supported consortium and, through her Minister in London, to arrange a loan with an independent British group. A good deal of mystery surrounds the transaction, which, during the past few days, has been variously reported as having been frustrated by the intervention of Sir John Jordan, and carried to such a successful conclusion that the first instalment of the £10,000,000 involved—half a million sterling—has been transferred to the Chinese Government. Too much importance cannot be attached to this attempt to secure financial aid outside the powerful ring, the representatives of which are at present jealously watching the course of events in the Chinese capital; for it will constitute a test case by which all similar attempts will be judged and determined. Private enterprise in relation to Chinese finance may be said to be on its trial, for, although in the present instance it is not inconceivable that Sir Edward Grey may base a vigorous opposition to the transaction upon inner knowledge of a certain political factor, unsuspected by the public, but not perhaps unknown to the Russian Foreign Office, the whole circumstances of the case cannot fail to provide a convenient precedent on all subsequent occasions. In the event of the loan falling through, we may expect some definite pronouncement from the Foreign Secretary in response to the inevitable criticism that will arise when Parliament reassembles for the Autumn Session, until which time common-sense dictates that judgment be suspended.

Much as we may regret the fact, all indications go to prove the unassailable position of monopoly at present held by the six-Power group. Independent enterprise, as things stand at present, would seem to be doomed. Had Russia and Japan remained outside the consortium, there might have been some prospect of China securing relief in the open markets of the West, but the inclusion of these two nations has definitely made the question of Chinese finance dependent upon political considerations. The irony of the whole matter lies in the fact that, of all the Powers concerned, only three—Great Britain, France, and the United States—are really competent to lend financial support to the Republican Government. Indeed, Russia and Japan, both debtor nations, are obliged to go, directly or indirectly, to the three countries named to borrow at low interest the very money it is proposed to advance to China at high interest. The case of Japan is particularly glaring. In the columns of *THE ACADEMY* I have repeatedly drawn attention to the precarious state of her finances, and shown that the excessive taxation of her people, rendered necessary by the service on her foreign debt and by the ambitious programme of armaments to which she is pledged, is proving a burden heavier than they can bear. And now the semi-official *Japan Times* itself has entered a vigorous protest against the resultant poverty and misery which characterise the conditions of the masses.

"The cost of living," states this journal, "keeps going up; no one seems to be able to reach out his hands



THE TEST TO DESTRUCTION OF VICTOR v. MICHELIN, DUNLOP AND CONTINENTAL TYRES.

A. R. Burton, of "The Daily Mail" (nearest figure to camera at back) acting as observer for the day. He endorsed the daily chart with: "Having completed 101 miles, Birmingham to Leicester via Coventry, I am absolutely convinced that there could not possibly be a more thorough test. I was particularly impressed by the filling of charts by road observers en route."

to bring the steadily ascending balloon to the ground; people helplessly watch its course and gasp. At the same time poverty walks about at large, and the miseries of life increase. Above all, the heads of families of the labouring class seem to have the worst allotment of miseries and tortures. Many of them are daily deserting their wives and families. The labouring men cannot support their families with the scanty wages they get. The little storekeepers find it impossible to balance their ledgers with the credit ahead of the debit, and are universally discouraged by dull business. At home their wives need money, and their children are simply crying aloud from starvation. The hard-pressed and miserable husbands go out in the morning to search for work, and many of them never return again at night. Daily the charity lodging-houses are crowded by women and children begging a night's lodging, to drift away the next morning, to return again at night starving. Many of them are sick, husbandless and fatherless, penniless and homeless. Some of them follow the paths of their husbands to death."

A further perplexing feature of the situation arises from the knowledge that it is to the exploitation of China, political as well as commercial, that Japan looks for a means of recovering her financial stability. The question that remains for serious politicians in this country to consider is whether or not they will permit British policy to be made the catspaw of the aggressive designs of other Powers in the Far East.

MOTORING

THE report of the Government Committee appointed in December last to consider the question of the rating of motor cars for taxation purposes is embodied in a White Paper issued on Monday last. It recommends a graduated scale of taxation for motor cycles, which at present, irrespective of horse-power, pay a uniform tax of one pound per annum, but advises that no change be made in the existing method of taxing cars. This will be a great disappointment to many motorists, especially to those who own comparatively old cars, which develop nothing like the horse-power indicated by the Government (or R.A.C.) rating. The existing official formula upon which the car-owner has to pay his graduated tax is based upon cylinder diameter and number of cylinders only, the other factors—length of piston stroke, degree of compression, and potential engine speed—being entirely ignored. The effect of this system of rating is to make some motorists pay an altogether disproportionate tax, and it is difficult to see what possible defence can be put up for it.

It may be assumed that degree of horse-power is a fair basis of differentiation for taxation purposes, as, generally speaking, the greater the power of the car the greater the capacity of its owner to pay, and the greater the damage done to the roads by its use. But surely some more rational and equitable means of

estimating power than the present method—which no practical authority on motor mechanics has ever attempted to defend—should be adopted. As a striking instance of the injustice of the Treasury formula, it may be mentioned that one of the most popular models of the season—the “10-12” Belsize—must actually develop something like 30 h.p. on the brake, and yet, owing to its comparatively small bore, only pays a three-guinea tax. Other instances in plenty might be cited, but this is enough to show the absurdity of the existing system.

At the present time there seems to be something like an epidemic of record breaking by motor cars, and it is gratifying to note that the new figures are being put up by cars of British manufacture. Last week we had to chronicle in this column the securing of the world's 50 miles' record by a 30 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, and two further world's records have since been placed to the credit of a car of the same make.

On Tuesday last the 15-9 h.p. Sunbeam lowered the world's figures for both four hours and five hours, with distances of 319 miles 242 yards and 391 miles 429 yards respectively. The average speed maintained throughout was only a fraction under 80 miles an hour. It is not necessary to dwell upon the merits of such an achievement, but one cannot but wonder what the Continental manufacturers, who had the advantage of a ten years' start in automobile construction, think of the present position.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago there was a successful trial under R.A.C. supervision of the Cadillac self-starting device, and it is worth noting that the Club now proposes to hold a further exhaustive trial of the Cadillac electrical outfit. The test is to begin on the 23rd inst., and will last for twelve days, during which 2,000 miles will be covered over the Club's standard routes. On this occasion the features of the outfit to be tested will be the lamps and the ignition. The former will be kept alight the whole time the car is running, except during the intervals for the passengers' refreshments, so that the total number of hours during which they will be alight will be equivalent to an average season's use by an ordinary private motorist. The consumption of current will be carefully recorded under the supervision of the R.A.C. observer.

“EVERY DROP LUBRICATES.”
“Champion” Motor Oil
 is the best for all types of Cars.

If not already using “Champion”
 send for trial tin to

S. BOWLEY & SON,
 DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT,
 “Express” and “Bomo” Brands.

Wellington Works,
 BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

Established 1744.

With regard to the ignition, it may be pointed out that in the Cadillac system the dynamo takes the place of a magneto, and at the same time supplies current for lighting the lamps. A record of the condition of the accumulators will be taken each morning before the car starts. The trial as a whole, consisting as it does of an authoritative and exhaustive test of electricity as a means of starting and illuminating, as well as supplying the ignition for the car, is one of exceptional interest for the motorist, and the present writer, who has accepted an invitation for a day's run on the test car during the trial, will be pleased to record his impressions of the efficiency of the Cadillac system in a future issue.

References to tests, trials, and records would be incomplete if mention were not made of the tyre “test to destruction”—Victor versus Michelin, Dunlop, and Continental—which has now been in progress for five or six weeks, and continues to excite a quite extraordinary amount of attention on the part of motorists, distinguished and otherwise, all over the country. So far the remarkable feature of the test has been the unexpectedly prominent position attained by the Victor tyre, which most people certainly thought would soon be put out of the running by its better known competitors. As a matter of fact, the Victor, according to private information received, appears at the time of writing almost certain to prove the absolute winner of the first round—the battle of the steel-studded non-skids. Two of its competitors have now gone, leaving only the Dunlop and the Victor to fight for supremacy.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

STOCKBROKERS complain that they have no business. But they exaggerate their poverty. A Jew will boast of everything except his wealth. Hundreds of years of persecution have taught him that such bragging is dangerous. Therefore when the City says that it is idle, I smile. As a matter of fact most people are busy, and as a result markets are firm. There is no boom anywhere, and the promoter is strangely silent. Indeed, no one but the great Dr. Dvorkowitz has had the effrontery to ask for money. He and his friends capitalise a concession in the Island of Sakhalin at £350,000—a concession that has been hawked round for many months and has found no willing purchaser. Even to-day no work has been done on the property and only opinions as to its prospective value are given. Paris is preparing many schemes, for she is full of money, but London lies low and appears afraid of the money market.

Money will be dear. This we must expect, for there are large crops to be moved all over the world, and large crops mean big advances. Canada will give us a huge wheat harvest, but the quality will be poor. The Argentine is preparing for a big crop. The Southern States of America

have a bounteous cotton picking. Egypt will beat all records. Russia, Hungary, and the Roumanian plain will supply grain for the world. This spells prosperity and dear money. There is a chance that if we get much speculation we shall see a Five per cent. Bank Rate in Berlin and possibly here also.

FOREIGNERS are not largely dealt in on the London Exchange. But we are quick to follow the changes of Paris and Brussels. These Bourses are steady. Therefore peace looks secure. Italy and Turkey will make terms. This has long been settled. It is said that Turkey will get an indemnity. It is always the vanquished that gains in these modern wars. Witness Japan and Russia. Tintos are hard on the splendid position of copper. They must rise, but as they are a great gambling counter each rise is sharp and short. Anaconda is another sound copper share that must go up. Perus have been pushed ahead by those who think they know everything—the story that the Debentures will be paid off and a Debenture at a lower rate of interest substituted is now believed to be true and holders of Preference are talking their stock to par. As the company is badly managed to-day any change will be welcome. But to those who bought low down I say take your profit, for no one knows exactly what will happen. Hungarian Renties are low, presumably because Hungary wants money, and the money-lender desires to get the best terms he can. They are worth buying to-day. The yield is high for so powerful and rich a State. Bulgaria is in the market for a new loan. Paris will find the money. The enterprising Londoners who made the last issue are not in the market: they found that *la haute finance* was not exactly in their line.

HOME RAILS are quite neglected for the gamble in Metropolitans, which are talked to par. The latest tale is that the Great Western propose to take over the line and guarantee the ordinary stockholders a definite dividend, say, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. No doubt the Great Western must have Westbourne Park Station, and no doubt, sooner or later, they must electrify right through to Maidenhead. The Great Western and the Midland are the most progressive lines in England, and they are also ambitious. But the Great Western should have electrified years ago, before the trams went to Uxbridge. They say that Speyers are bidding for control also; if this be true, which I doubt, then indeed shall we see some fun. People are at last recognising that the Great Central is to be one of the big trunk lines of England, and the Junior Preference shares are now being bought. I have never wavered in my opinion that Great Central Prefs. are the cheapest thing on the Stock Exchange. The new docks at Immingham and the new coalfield at Doncaster must give this railway a splendid and profitable traffic, and as its local trade grows so will its passenger and goods traffic increase. It is not often that people are given the chance of buying preference shares in an English railway at rubbish prices. North Easterns must benefit by the boom in shipping on the east coast, and all the Scotch lines are doing a splendid trade. They are worth picking up. We run about after five per cent. securities in the wilds of Central America and neglect a sound gilt-edged security that can be picked up at our very doors.

YANKEES would appear to be waiting for dear money. They do not move. Yet no one in the United States has any doubt that most of the railway stocks are cheap. Unions are exceptionally low in price, and once again I would point out that the Four per cent. Convertible Bonds are the soundest and cheapest way of speculation. Atchison is another road that must improve in value. The common stock is quoted in Paris, and as the quotation cost a huge sum we may be sure that one day an attempt will be made to get this money back. This company has still to place some big lines of convertible stock, and when the offer is made I advise my readers to apply. Unions, Atchisons, New York Centrals and Pennsylvanias are as good an investment as any man could wish. The trouble

on the Wisconsin Railway has made holders of Chicago Great Western nervous. But I am assured that the coupons will be bought, if not met. However, we shall see. This and the Kansas and Orient trouble will make people afraid of second-rate railway securities. The Denver figures show that the line earned about $2\frac{1}{2}$ on its preferred stock. No one quite knows what will be done here, and many holders are very sore with a well-known newspaper that wrote up the Preferred Stock just before the news came that the road was unable to meet its preference dividend. The wretched purchasers will hardly follow that newspaper again. To what a sad end does the optimist come!

RUBBER shares are not now in favour. The dealers found that the public were all sellers, and as the shops are also sellers the little boomlet died down. Port Dickson report was very bad—the cost of production was prodigiously high and the sale price exceptionally low. Apparently there was a great deal too big a proportion of scrap rubber in the harvest. Tenasserim was also bad; indeed, none of the reports over this week is good. Inch Kenneth is nothing out of the common. The cost of production all over the East is rising in a very disagreeable manner, and the sale price does not improve. The public is now educated in rubber, and will not buy unless it sees a clear ten per cent. on its money. I think the public quite right.

OIL. We are promised a rise in Red Sea, the new Shell company will shortly issue its shares in exchange for the property, and as the Red Sea will not liquidate, but use its cash to buy other oil properties, the shareholders will get share for share and also have a gambling chance in the future. The Premier Oil and Pipe dividend put heart into this market, which has been dull for some weeks. Roumanian Consolidated are also promised a rise in the autumn, but the North Caucasian gamble hangs fire, mainly because McGarvey does not bring in his promised new wells. Shells are said to be going to 7. This is an inside tip of the great Sir Marcus Samuel himself. But can we believe in Shell tips? They are an astute crowd.

Mines are deadly dull. Perhaps the magnates find that the public in mines like the public in rubber have more shares to sell than anyone imagines. In spite of good reports prices do not move. Goertz are trying to push up Geduld. But on the whole the magnates are letting the market take care of itself. This is the wrong policy, and they will regret it. They are all, however, crushing much above the value of the reserves, and we may expect much bigger profits for the next few months. The Village Deep game has been exposed in the *Stockbroker*, and now the mine is making normal returns. When even the best houses are not above ordering their managers to crush the poor ore, I despair of the Rand.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are all strong; 5,000 Beheras changed hands last week, and the Lord St. Davids group were large buyers. I think that we shall see a great revival in Egyptian shares this autumn, for the crop is good and the country quite recovered from the slump. Shipping shares are steady, and West Hartlepool Prefs. are still rising; this share, and that of the Indo-China S.S. Co., are good to buy as a lock-up gamble. Marconis are weak. It is said that the Irish priests are telling all their parishioners to buy Marconis. This is rash, as the share at present prices is only a gamble.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

ROUMANIAN CONSOLIDATED OILFIELDS.

The extensive use to which oil is now being put for raising steam at sea, on railways, and in various industrial undertakings is causing its price to rise steadily; and this, taken with the fact that the Government has lately appointed an influential Commission, with Admiral Lord Fisher at its head, to study the question of oil fuel supply for our Navy, shows that the era of oil has now dawned

in real earnest. This is naturally directing renewed attention on the part of buyers to the more substantial and reliable of the oil-producing companies, whose shares, in the near future, are bound to be regarded in the same light as those of the coal companies are at the present time, that is to say fit to be held by the most careful investors. The Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields, an amalgamation of six concerns, occupies a prominent position in this connection, owning as it does no less than 7,000 acres of land in the rich and highly productive oil-fields of Roumania. The Company's wells are now yielding oil at the rate of about 6,000 tons per month; they are fully equipped with storage accommodation, and connected by pipe-line with their own refinery. Moreover, the Company, which is capitalised at £1,750,000, has at its command over £300,000 of working capital, with which additional wells are being drilled with all possible rapidity, the intention being to increase the rate of production as much as possible. The Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields is one of the principal British concerns of its kind, and by far the most important of those working in Roumania at the present day. Its assets have lately been valued at fully £4,200,000, and its prospects are most encouraging. When the report of Lord Fisher's Commission on the supply of oil fuel for the Navy is published, the oil share market is bound to come into greatly increased prominence, and then, if not before, Roumanian Consolidated Shares will unquestionably rise to a substantial premium, and should prove in the meanwhile a most attractive purchase.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—M. Bernon said, in his former letter, "To my mind, in the expression, 'I need not have troubled myself,' the verb need is in reality in the present infinitive." He now says, in reply to my criticism, that in "I did not need" "need" is in the infinitive mood. How his present statement can be looked on as a reply to criticism of his former one, he does not explain.

Mr. Allen says, "English is very irregular in the matter of such words as 'need' and 'ought.'" If he means that English people are very slovenly in their way of using "need," I quite agree with him. The compiler of the Oxford Dictionary, for example, as quoted by Mr. Mayhew, seems to see something irregular in the fact that the verb "need," when used as an auxiliary, conforms to auxiliary usage: to my mind, the irregularity would lie in its not doing so. Both in English and in German the two distinguishing characteristics of auxiliaries are (1) that the third person singular has the same form as the first person, (2) that the "to" before the following infinitive is dropped. Ordinary verbs used as auxiliaries tend to follow auxiliary usage in both respects: the "s" disappears from the third person and the following "to" is left out: he need not go, he dare not go. "It don't matter" is more correct than "It does not matter," inasmuch as the compliance with auxiliary usage is more complete: so "He dare not go" is more correct than "He dares not go," and, I should think, far more usual. As regards the past tenses which Mr. Allen seems to hanker after, "need" and "ought" are not at all in the same boat. Our object in saying "I knew that I need not do it" is probably to avoid the harshness of "needed." "Oughted" is impossible, for the excellent reason that "ought" is a past tense already. It is typical of the professional grammarian's way of handling these subjects that even Dr. Morris, in dealing with "ought" and "must," makes no mention of the fact that, being imperfect subjunctives, they have naturally taken on a present meaning: cf. "ich müsste"—I mean the real

"müsste," not the misprint which appeared in Mr. Powell's letter last week.

I am grateful to Mr. Cobb for putting me on to the track of Mr. Moon and his works, and shall look out for a chance of still further diminishing my ignorance. Men of mature age, who have formulated for themselves some definite ideas on these subjects, can read grammatical works certainly with interest, possibly with amusement, probably without danger. Those who are still at the impressible stage of development would, I think, do well to follow my example, and remain as ignorant as possible of grammarians and their works. The study of language develops a man's mental capacity as probably nothing else can: the reading of what other people have said about language is far more likely to do harm than good. There are quite enough people in the world already to whom a theory is as good as a fact: they have begun by learning grammar out of a book, and they end in too many cases by becoming Socialists, Christian Scientists, followers of Mr. Norman Angell. How far grammarians are responsible for this may seem, to some, an open question; there can be little doubt of their responsibility for the curious fallacy, in symptoms of which this correspondence has been rich. I mean the assumption that one can take a language as one can a lump of clay and mould it into any shape one likes. M. Bernon tells us in his letter on the word "talented" that in quite recent times educated men have thought it worth while to discuss the question whether it is allowable to use such words as "talented" and "gifted"! Would it make the faintest difference whether they said yes or no? Others among your correspondents have suggested that we should do this, that, or the other, by way of simplifying or improving the language. Has it never occurred to these gentlemen what a splendid thing it would be to make our rose trees produce rubber? Why don't we do it? I am, Sir, etc.,

T. G. MARTIN.

Bradford, September 15th, 1912.

MR. WRIGHT AND A CRITIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Many a man before now has exclaimed: "Save me from my friends!" The current number of THE ACADEMY contains "An Intimate Appreciation" of John Payne and his work, by Mr. T. Wright of Olney. The only portion of the article which does not invite, and deserve, severe critical castigation is that portion consisting of biographical data. Mr. Payne has done yeoman's service as a translator. I have no quarrel with Mr. Payne; but when Mr. T. Wright of Olney presents us with the following, and declares it to be "a delightful presentment of Heine at his sweetest," in the interests of poetry, in the interests of Heine, and in the interests of Mr. Payne, I quarrel with Mr. Wright of Olney. I quote three of the five verses over which this gentleman pours the fulsome tide of his adulation:—

"Doubting Thomas, I, in Heaven
I believe not, for our home.
Promised by the Churches Seven
Of Jerusalem and Rome.

"But for angels, of their being,
In good sooth I doubted ne'er;
Light shapes faultless, for our seeing
Still upon the earth they fare.

"Only wings I, gracious lady,
To these beings must deny:
Marry, there are wingless angels
As full often seen have I." Etc.

This is not only not poetry, it is not even decent verse. The defects are flagrant. Yet Mr. T. Wright solemnly

assures your readers, "none but Payne could have given it" (this translation—save the mark!) "rondure and iridescence and have set it sailing in our sweet English air." Of "rondure and iridescence" those unfortunate verses have nothing; and, far from sailing in sweet air, their main distinction is an uncomfortable waddle on very common earth. In his selection of the original and "remarkable" poem, "Drunk or Sober," Mr. Wright is no more fortunate. He quotes it with unction; yet it has the same crude inversions, the same want of poetic subtlety and sense of fitness. It is a species of bastard sonnet which, in an awkward attempt to fly, conspicuously and ungracefully flops. Mr. Payne well deserves a more discriminating appraiser. Several of our younger poets, and critics of poetry, are already sufficiently confounded; any mature assistance to confusion can be well spared. THE ACADEMY and the "Saturday Review" are perhaps the only London weeklies whose printed verse never makes them ridiculous. I claim this as my excuse for writing in regard to the above. Very truly yours,
Cottingley, Yorks. JAMES A. MACKERETH.

"THE RIKS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have seen the letter dated August 13, from the author of "The Riks," to you, on the subject of the review of his book which appeared in your No. 2,095 of June 29, but I see no reason to withdraw a single word of the review. He has not attempted to make clearer the "discoveries" he claims to have made.

My quotations from his book establish, I repeat, my two main points, viz.—"He has, indeed, produced a strange jumble of mythology, geology, chemistry, and Sanskrit, which may suit the Hindu intellect and imagination, but it was hardly fair of him to attribute his 'discoveries' to Western learning"; and "It is inconceivable that the authors of the Rigveda, thousands of years ago, embodied therein the geological and chemical meanings which Mr. Iyer educes from the poems."

The author quotes some complimentary letters he has received from some eminent scholars. He fails to see that the letters are, on their face value, mere kindly non-committal expressions of encouragement: one would like to cross-examine the writers.

When scholars and scientists accept his "discoveries" (whatever they are), it will be time for others who, like myself, are not Vedic scholars or geologists to accept them. It is open to anyone to compare the book, my review, and the author's letter. I am confident what their present conclusion would be.

September, 1912.

YOUR REVIEWER.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Hans Sachs and Goethe: A Study in Meter.* By Mary Cacy Burchinal, Ph.D. (Vandenhoed and Ruprecht, Göttingen. 1 mark 80.)
Die wirtschaftlichen Grundlagen des modernen Kunstgewerbes in London. By Dr. Bruno Ranecker. (G. Himmer, Munich.)
France et Belgique. Alpes et Pyrénées. By Victor Hugo. With Coloured Frontispiece. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)
Le Voyage de M. Perrichon. By Eugène Labiche and Edouard Martin. With Coloured Frontispiece. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)
The Position of Landscape in Art. By Cosmos. (George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
Through Dante's Land: Impressions in Tuscany. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. Illustrated. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

Through Holland in the "Vivette." The Cruise of a 4-Tonner from the Solent to the Zuyder Zee, through the Dutch Waterways. By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 6s. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- The Battle of Life: A Retrospect of Sixty Years.* By T. E. Kebbel. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
George Borrow: The Man and His Books. By Edward Thomas. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes. By Edgumbe Staley. Illustrated. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)
King Charles I. A Study by Walter Phelps Dodge. With Frontispiece. (John Long. 1s. 6d. net.)
The Lushei Kuki Clans. By Lt.-Colonel J. Shakespear. With Coloured Frontispiece, Map, and other Illustrations. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)
From the Black Mountain to Waziristan. By Colonel H. C. Wyllie, C.B. With an Introduction by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Horace L. Smith Dorrien, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
The Viceroy of Ireland: The Story of the Long Line of Noblemen and Their Wives Who have Ruled Ireland and Irish Society for Over Seven Hundred Years. By Charles O'Mahony. Illustrated. (John Long. 16s. net.)

FICTION.

- The Trustee.* By Harold Bindloss. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
The Irresistible Mrs. Ferrers. By Arabella Kenealy. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
Captain Hawks: Master Mariner. By Oswald Kendall. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
Darneley Place. By Richard Bagot. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
The Holiday Round. By A. A. Milne. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
Told by the Ayah. By Advena Hearle. (J. Baker and Son, Clifton. 1s. net.)
Our Nance: A Story of Whitechapel. By W. Braunston Jones. (John Ouseley. 6s.)
L'Homme qui Rit. By Victor Hugo. Two Vols., with Coloured Frontispieces. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net each.)

PERIODICALS.

Rajput Herald; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Hindustan Review, Allahabad; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; United Empire; Garden Cities and Town Planning; L'Action Nationale; St. George's Magazine; Bookseller; Literary Digest, N.Y.; University Correspondent; Publishers' Circular.

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